AA 000 076 176 7

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

FREDERIC THOMAS BLANCHARD
ENDOWMENT FUND

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS,

AND

OCCASIONS,

BOTH

MORAL AND ENTERTAINING.

By JOHN CLARK.

Hæ nugæ seria ducent.

HOR.

Printed for the Author,
BY T. LONG, TROWBRIDGE.
AND SOLD BY
T. CHAPMAN, No. 151, *Fleet-Street, London;*
W. BULGIN, and R. EDWARDS, *Briſtol;*
S. HAZARD, *Bath;*
AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1799.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/poemsonseveralsu00clariala

TO THE READER.

THESE Poems were chiefly the productions of my younger years, but having been of late confined by a severe fit of illness, it afforded me an opportunity of revising and correcting these juvenile compositions. They will all be found to have a moral tendency; which perhaps may serve to make up for any literary imperfections with a pious reader. I have not the vanity to aspire after poetical fame, but hope I feel a wish to do good; my ambition is not to immortalize my name, but my usefulness; not to gain the admiration of mankind, but bring glory to my Maker. To his blessing, and the candour of the public I submit these little essays; and should they meet a favourable reception, perhaps I may be induced at some future period to publish another small volume.

John Clark.

Trowbridge, October 31, 1799.

785708

CONTENTS.

	Page.
The Bee and Butterfly	3
God all in all	10
On Scandal	11
The Pine-tree & Gourd	15
Depravity of Man	17
On the word Abba	18
Strong Beer	19
The Sun & Dunghill	24
On a Bubble	27
A good Conscience	33
The Golden Chain &c.	35
On the word Strength	42
On the Organ	43
Love human & divine	49
The being & attributes of God	50
The happy Mean	51
True Nobility	55
State of Innocency	58
The ungrateful Bee	59
Modern Infidelity	64
Three Qualifications needful for a Preacher	66
The universal Conqueror	67
The rare Secret	71
The prodigal Miser	74
The Vineyard	75
A Reflection on blowing a Fire &c.	82
Employment for Eternity	83
The folly of Impatience	87
Manners make the Man	90
Faith above Reason	91
An Ænigma	94
A Chain of Consequences	97
Retaliation	114
Advice to Parents &c.	115
The false Alarm	121
Ancient and modern Professors of Christianity contrasted	128
The impertinent Fly	131
The important Query	135
The universal Astrologer	138
On a Clock	142
The Rats aboard ship	147
To a Friend for his Counting-house	153
Praise, an Ode	154
On Providence	162
The speaking Shadow	165
A Thought on the Death of the Rev. G. Whitefield	169
An Elegy on the Rev. James Rouquet	171
Acrostics	184
Epigrams	187

☞ The Bookbinder will take notice that in some of the copies at page 97, Signature M is in mistake put for O.

THE

BEE and BUTTERFLY.

NOW the Sun his genial beams
Pours o'er Nature; lo ſhe teems
With a thouſand new delights:
Ev'ry object now invites;
Come, my dear Florello, come,
Let us o'er the garden roam:
Much will there engage our view
That may pleaſe, and profit too.

See on yonder sunny bank,
Flow'rs in beauteous order rank;

And the gaudy Butterfly
Spreads her wings to catch your eye.
Baſking in the ſolar ray,
Flirts the heedleſs hours away;
On a fragrant Roſe diſplays
All her painted gaieties:
Not to taſte the precious ſweets—
On a Dunghill oft ſhe ſits,
And the moſt ungracious ſmell
Seems to pleaſe her quite as well.
Full of pleaſure, full of pride,
Careleſs of what may betide.

But my dear Florello, ſee,
How the ſimple honeſt Bee
Labours on from flow'r to flow'r,
Huſbanding th' important hour:
Pleaſure in her work ſhe meets,
Taſting the delicious ſweets:

And at ev'ry ev'nings clofe,
Laden to her cell fhe goes.

When ftern Winter nips the flow'rs,
Frofts prevail and ftormy fhow'rs,
Poor Papilia* droops her wings,
Vainly to each refuge clings;
To rapacious Birds a prey,
Into holes fhe fkulks away:
But lo there the cobweb hangs—
There the Spider's cruel fangs—
He no beauties will behold,
In her crimfon ftreak'd with gold.
There fhe lies in fetters bound,
Filthy cobwebs wrap her round;
All her ftruggles now are vain,
Feebly flutt'ring in her pain:
The fell Spider gripes his prey,
Slowly fucks her life away.

* The Butterfly

But when funſhine is no more.
Apis* haſtens to her ſtore;
There ſecurely reſts awhile
From her ſweetly pleaſing toil:
There the precious fruit obtains
Of her induſtry and pains;
'Till is ceas'd the wintry ſtrife,
Then wakes, as to ſecond life.

Now Florello can't you gueſs
Something ſimilar to this?
In the gardens of God's grace.
Where he deigns to ſhew his face;
And his brighter Sun diſplays
All his ſoul-reviving rays.
There the Tree of life is found
Spreading fragrancy around;
There a thouſand beauties grow
There does ev'ry ſweetneſs flow;

Or rose

* The Bee

Glorious Truths we there behold,
Gradually their buds unfold;
And from Promiſes moſt ſweet,
Humble Chriſtians ſip delight.

But all are not working Bees,
Which we ſee frequenting theſe;
Butterflies of various hues
Croud the gall'ries, and the pews:
Some to ſhew their dreſs and air,
Some at others dreſs to ſtare;
Many go they ſcarce know why,
Flutt'ring here and there they fly,
Lighting oft on flowers many,
Yet no honey ſuck from any.
Others in the ſunny ray
Baſk, and ſeem to drink the Day:
Theſe all innocence appear,
And God's word with pleaſure hear;
But a ball-room or a play
Does as well another day:

(So ſome Butterflies are white,
Yet in fordid muck delight)
Some attend to play the fool:
Some to ſcoff and ridicule;
Some to carp and criticiſe —
Theſe are worſe than Butterflies;
Like the Hornet or the Waſp,
Or the venom-ſpitting Aſp—
(Noxious poiſon ſuch can draw
From the ſweeteſt Flow'rs that blow)
Lazy Idlers! and yet theſe
Fain would rob th' induſtrious Bees.

Soon the day of Grace is gone
Heav'nly bleſſings they have none!
Summer's ended, harveſt paſt,
Wintry ſtorms for ever laſt.
Now the goſpel Sun no more
Will his gracious influence pour,
Clouds and miſts of darkneſs riſe
And for ever blot the ſkies.

Void

Void is now their empty boaſt;
All their flatt'ring hopes are loſt.
Death (rapacious bird of prey)
Waits to ſeize the Soul away;
Guilt and vengeance drive it down
To the Pit where horrors frown:
Gay diſtinctions can't avail:
Worlds of wealth can never bail
From the gloomy Priſon, where
Spiders infernal ſpread their ſnare,
And woes extreme —— eternally prepare.

Epiphonema.

Make me like the ſimple Bee—
My true int'reſt let me ſee,
And (while gracious means afford)
Draw inſtruction from God's word;
Ev'ry ordinance improve,
Treaſure up my hopes above:

Then

Then (when chilly Death shall come)
Rest awhile within the tomb;
'Till I rise to Life divine,
Where my Sun shall ever shine.

GOD ALL IN ALL.

I.

GOD is my guide, and God my guard;
My portion now, my last reward;
My joy in care, my hope in thrall;
My life in death, my God, my All.

II.

Since God is mine, and I am his;
His pow'r my trust, his love my bliss;
No foe I fear, no Will obey
but his ——— and his eternally.

ON

SCANDAL.

OF all the baſe crimes that diſgrace human [nature,
Spread ruin on earth, and affront the Creator;
There's none ſurely may with vile Scandal [compare,
Of whoſe hidden darts, alas, who can beware?
A head of the Hydra*, that bites e'er it bark, this,
And this is the peſtilence walking in darkneſs.
'Tis envy's four belchings, the ſymptom no leſs
Of a mind that turns ſick at another's ſucceſs.

C The

* A fabulous monſter with fifty heads; when one was cut off, two are ſaid to have grown up in its ſtead. An emblem of vice.

The foul breaking out of a cankerous heart,
That ſpreads its contagion thro' every part.
No name is ſufficiently vile to expreſs it;
To ſcandalize Scandal impoſſible is it.

The devil firſt rais'd it to ruin mankind,
And baſely ſuggeſted God's gifts to confin'd;*
And everſince then, it has been his endeavour,
By this means, the deareſt of int'reſts to ſever.
All hiſtory's page it has ſtained with blood;
And thouſands has ſent to the ſtygian flood.†
How oft has it brother engag'd againſt brother,
And children ſtirr'd up to curſe father or mother!
At Samſon's exploits we have wond'red before:
Let hers be produc'd, and we wonder no more:
Heaps on heaps of his foes, in the day light he ſlew:
She heaps of her friends, and in the dark too:
And may we not add, with a weapon as baſe
As ever was his, the jaw-bone of an aſs.

When

* Gen. iii. 1. † The river of hell.

When neighbours aſſemble to ſip the warm tea,
In innocent chit-chat, and mirth to agree;
Then Scandal officiouſly thruſts herſelf in,
And whiſpers about, tho' ſhe never is ſeen—
"Have you heard?"—"Yes indeed—I am [quite ſorry for't".—
"Well, who could have thought—but 'tis like [all the ſort."
"Pray Madam what is it?"—"O Sir I'm aſham'd—
'Tis pity ſuch crimes ſhould ſo much as be [nam'd."
"But are you quite ſure?—"Yes yes, Miſtreſs Blab
Told it me, and ſhe had it from—Oh what a ſtab
'Twill be to religion.—Pray Sir do not frown—
Can you doubt it?—good God!—'tis all over [the town."

One word in a corner more miſchief may do,
Than can be retrieved the long-ſt life thro';
For Ill-fame flies ſwiftly, and oft in the heart
Her poiſon infuſes, e'er Good-fame can ſtart:

And the heart is like wax, which, when heat'd
[will take
Bad impreſſions, that when cold, it will not forſake.
Beſides many thouſands the *falſehood* have heard,
That ne'er ſhall be able to hear the *fact* clear'd,
It roſe from a trifle—'twas ſuch an one ſaid—
Thro' town, and thro' country, the rumour is
[ſpread:
'Tis believ'd, 'tis confirm'd, the man's charac-
[ter's ſlain:
Could he live like an angel, 'twill ne'er riſe again,
Or weep tears of blood, he can't waſh out the
[ſtain.

Then let us endeavour this foe to unnerve;
For every tale keep an ear in reſerve;
Our judgement ſuſpend, until both ſides arrive:
Still favour the abſent, be ſlow to believe.
And whene'er we meet, let us Scandal ſhut out;
This dang'rous incendiary every where ſcout.
If a neighbour has ſlipp'd, let us pity his caſe:
Speak the *beſt* ſtill behind him, the *worſt* to his face.

THE

THE

PINE-TREE and the GOURD.

A FABLE.

NEAR a tall Pine-tree, that in ancient ſtate,
Spread forth his branches, once a Gourd [being ſet,
Nouriſh'd by frequent rains, and clement ſkies,
From low obſcurity began to riſe:
Till wanton grown, and creeping near the Pine,
Dar'd with his boughs her tendrils to entwine,
By his help mounting to the ſolar rays,
Her ſhowy flowers, and pompous fruits diſplays.
Now ſwoln with vanity, the ſaucy plant
Thus o'er the friendly Pine began to vaunt.
"Behold proud tree, how much I you excel,
With fruits of golden hue, that grandly ſwell,
"My leaves more verdant, and than yours more [ſpread
"And my bold branches overlop your head.

" If thus, already, I above you foar;
" What fhall I be in a few feafons more?"
The Pine in age, and grave experience grown;
With patience heard the Gourd's inſulting tone:
Then thus reprov'd her. " Be it to you known,
" Thro' many years the tempeſts I have fought,
" Winter's bleak winds have bray'd, and ſummer's drought.
" Unnumber'd ſhocks ſuſtain'd, and dangers paſt
" Oe'rcame them all, and here I ſtand at laſt.
" While you, proud upſtart, who your betters ſcout,
" From the vile dunghill t'other day crept out:
" But one ſharp night will ſoon your pride abate,
" Deſtroy your verdure, and decide your fate."

Moral.

Then ſpight of coxcombs, ſtill good ſenſe prefers
A modeſt merit, and experienc'd years,
For ſudden growths, tho' they ſurpriſe us all,
Do oft ſurpriſe us by a ſudden fall.

DEPRAVITY

DEPRAVITY of MAN.

REASON with ſcripture does agree,
Man is not what he ought to be.
Experience proves his *will* perverſe,
And ever bent to chooſe the worſe.
His *underſtanding* dark to that,
Which moſt concerns his better ſtate.
And his *affections* chiefly plac'd
On that the firſt, which ſhould be laſt.
His *mem'ry* eaſieſt does retain,
Things inſignificant and vain.
And ever prone to *judge* amiſs
Of his own ſtate, and future bliſs.
Sure was man what he ought to be.
His trueſt int'reſt he muſt ſee:
Not ſcorn eternity, and poiſe
A fleeting duſt againſt the ſkies.

ON THE WORD
ABBA.

I.

THOU kindeſt of Fathers behold a child [weak.
O call me thy own, and aſſiſt me to ſpeak:
'Tis Abba's the word that I fain would pronounce,
How happy were I could I utter it once!

II.

Compoſed of two letters, the firſt in the row,
So eaſy it ſeems, alas! did I but know;
To ſhut but the lips, and to open again,
And breathe from my heart towards heaven amain.

III.

Yet how many Rabbies, and men of renown
For wiſdom and learning in every town;
Have not learn'd this A, B, B, A to repeat,
Nor ever can learn it 'till brought to thy feet.

STRONG

STRONG BEER.

I.

MUSE, now ſing the pow'rs of Barley,
And the Hop's preſerving juice:
'Tis a theme that has but rarely
Been apply'd to ſacred uſe.
Mean the ſubject is I grant ye,
Yet may rich inſtruction yield:
Kings themſelves for many a dainty
Are beholden to the field.

II.

While man held his purer nature,
Free from malady and ſin;
He could drink th' unſully'd water,
And contentment found therein.

But now from his garden driven,
And compell'd to till the foil ;
Stronger bev'rage God has given
To ſupport him in his toil.

III.

Warmer countries boaſt their vineyards,
And the luſcious grape poſſeſs ;
Yet ſure Providence is kind, t'wards
Theſe more northern climes not leſs :
Here the fields in richeſt plenty,
More ſubſtantial grain produce ;
And due wiſdom Heav'n has ſent ye
To prepare the ſame for uſe.

IV.

But alas how much abuſed
Has the kind indulgence been ;
What was meant for good, is uſed
To provoke to ev'ry ſin.

Yet

Yet O men of ſober thinking,
My ſlight poem is for you ;
That while you your Beer are drinking,
You may drink inſtruction too.

V.

'Tis compos'd of ſweet and bitter ;
Emblem of your preſent ſtrife :
Theſe, well mingled, make you fitter
To enjoy eternal life.
Love is ſweet, and faith gives power
To religion's chryſtal ſtream ;
And affliction's bitter flower
Serves to keep it ſtill the ſame.

VI.

As the Malt muſt well be bruiſed,
When by previous ſkill made meet;
Then with ſcalding liquor uſed,
To extract the latent ſweet :

So muſt grace in you be proved,
Various trials undergo;
That all obſtacles removed,
You its genuine worth may know.

VII.

When your Wort is tunn'd with caution,
And with yeſt is well imbru'd;
What a wonderful commotion
Ev'ry foulneſs to extrude!
'Tis thus, with the new converted.
Where God's quickning grace has been,
Ev'ry effort is exerted
To expel all inbred ſin.

VIII.

If your Malt and Hops be genuine,
And due care to brew it right;
Such Beer will by long continuing,
Grow more wholeſome, ſtrong and bright.

Thus age makes the faint maturer,
Feculence and pride throws down;
Joy will ſparkle, love be purer,
As in faith you're ſtronger grown.

IX.

But if bad be your ingredients,
Or your management amiſs;
Time, or all your quack expedients
Never can recover this.
So the ſoul that's driv'n by terrors;
Not poſſeſs'd of vital pow'r,
Still continues foul with errors,
Or with tempers bad turns four.

X.

Now my Friend, you have my brewing,
Oh, that I my wiſh might have!
Thouſands, Beer has help'd to ruin,
Might it help but one to ſave!

Then

Then you'll drink with moderation,
And God's bounty ever bleſs,
For the cup of free ſalvation
Thro' the Saviour's righteouſneſs.

THE

SUN and DUNGHILL.

A FABLE.

A ſaucy Dunghill once would vie
With the bright Regent of the ſky;
The foſt'ring heat, why not all one
If found in her, as in the Sun?
Beſides *her* warmth had oft prevail'd,
When *his* enfeebled rays had fail'd;
Had rais'd productions from the earth,
And giv'n a thouſand plants their birth:

Theſe

Theſe oft *her* kindly aid could boaſt
When *Sol* had left them to the froſt.

Th' affronted Sun grew fiery hot,
And at her all his fierceneſs ſhot—
Ah foul indignity! how dare
You filthy heap with me compare?
Shall heat in putrefaction bred,
And by inteſtine diſcord fed—
Shall your offenſive fumes eſſay
To match my beams that make the day?
You're oft a nuiſance, and the neſt
Of noxious vermine---Men deteſt
Your very ſight—and ſoon your heat
Is turn'd to rottenneſs compleat.

My pow'r thro' nature's frame is hurl'd,
And ſtands cöeval with the world:
Yourſelf are but the vile refuſe
Of what my power did once produce.

Flowers

Flowers, and fruits, and odours ſweet,
And man, and beaſts my preſence greet :
All things exult in the mild ſway
Of me, the Ruler of the day :
Delight and health *I* ſtill diſpenſe—
You give diſguſt to ev'ry ſenſe.

Moral.

Hence, men may learn what various ſprings
Oft actuate them to do like things :
How widely diff'rent is the zeal
Which hypocrites, and chriſtians feel !
This like the Sun's all quick'ning beams ;
That like the Dunghill's loathſome ſteams :
The one in ſelf begins and ends ;
The other all men's good intends.

ON

A BUBBLE.

AS Newton view'd the Bubble riſe
From the blown pipe towards the ſkies;
Reflecting the priſmatic hues,
(The colours which the rainbow ſhews)
'Tis ſaid he by the trivial ſight,
Improv'd his knowledge of the light.
Excuſe me, if I fain would ſhew
Inſtruction from a Bubble too.

Of water 'tis compos'd, and air,
The one more groſs, the other rare;
This like the ſoul ſtill upward tends,
Like the dull body *that* deſcends;
Slight is the bond that keeps them one,
By ev'ry puff of breath undone:

That very air which makes them ſwell,
Expanding, burſts the flimſy ſhell;
And accidents unnumber'd tend
To bring them to a ſpeedy end.

Vain mortals in this Bubble view
A faithful counterpart of you.
Puft up with heated air—no more —
In pride, ambition, how you ſoar!
A glittering outſide you diſplay,
Bedeck'd with ſpecious colours gay;
But our fond wiſhes you illude,
As empty of all real good:
Light and inconſtant too we find,
Shifting with ev'ry breath of wind;
And in your height of proſp'rous mirth,
A moment brings you down to earth.
So frail th' attenuated thread,
That holds the living from the dead!

From mortal lungs the Bubble ſprings,
And ſhares the fate of mortal things.
The vital principle in man,
From God's immortal breath began;
And to its ſource would ever riſe,
Were it not held by carnal tyes;
And as it riſes, ſtill expand,
'Till it had burſt its ambient band,
And mingled with its native air,
In the celeſtial atmoſphere.

But ſee the tranſient wonder's o'er;
The baſeleſs fabrick is no more!
Where is the Bubble we admir'd,
That lately to the clouds aſpired?
No trace remains to ſhew us were;
Diſpers'd and vaniſh'd in the air.
Now lo, the beauteous tints are gone,
That on the inflated ſurface ſhone!

And all its glory now is found
In a few ſprinkles on the ground.

So ends the flaſh of human pride,
When death life's union doth divide:
In the vile clay of life bereft,
No form, no comelineſs is left;
The ſoul, which animation gave,
Is fled, and drops it in the grave.
Now all diſtinctions it could boaſt,
Within this dark abode are loſt: *
Howe'er belov'd, admir'd before;
The place that knew it, knows no more.

But how precarious are the dates
Of theſe gay Bubbles, and their fates!
Some burſt before they well are ripe,
Scarce diſengaged from the pipe;
Some mount ambitious to the ſky,
And there in thouſand atoms fly;

Others

* Pſa. 49. 14.

Others are whirled by the blaſt
Of adverſe winds, and find at laſt
Againſt ſome wall their fated doom;
Nor ever to perfection come.

The like viciſſitudes befal
The Lords of this terreſtrial ball:
Thoſe Bubbles which mankind we call!
Numbers exiſt we ſcarce know why,
Enter the world, then weep and die;
Others wear out a ling'ring time,
Turmoil'd and toſt from clime to clime,
The buffet of the winds and waves;
At length, find quiet in their graves.

A few who ſeem to reach the clouds,
(The envy of admiring crouds)
Soon vaniſh, and no trace we find;
Their names are ſcatt'red in the wind.
Some burſt with glutt'ny, ſome with pride;
And ſome a *natural death* have died!

Fatigue,

Fatigue, indulgence, want, excefs,
Each in it's turn does life fuppreſs;
And war's, and law's, contentious pother,
Too oft daſh one againſt another.

Thus man's exiſtence caſual ſeems;
And thus deluſive as his dreams.
But holy Inſpiration ſays,
We all have our appointed days; *
How few, and evil at the beſt,
The hoary Patriarch † once confeſt:
Yet lo! on this precarious ſtate
Eternal conſequences wait!

Epiphonema.

A worthleſs Bubble tho' I be,
All-gracious Spirit quicken me.
I'd leave the earth, and mount above,
Warm'd and expanded by thy love;

And

* Job 7. 1. † Gen. 47. 9

And all thy beauteous colours ſhow,
Of truth and holineſs below:
Then burſt, and mingle with the ſkies,
And loſe myſelf in joy and praiſe.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

I.

GIVE me a good conſcience, that's tender, [not weak;
Not teazed with ſcruples, yet faithful to ſpeak;
Not fear'd with preſumption, from guilt ſprinkled [clean;
And void of offence towards God, and t'wards [men.

II.

A ſcrupulous Conſcience does weakneſs betray,
And like a ſore finger is ſtill in the way;
A delicate habit too ſqueamiſh and nice,
That will ſtrain at a gnat-fly, and ſwallow down [vice.

III.

III.

A Conſcience that's hard'ned, and can no more
[feel;
As callous as horn, and as ſtubborn as ſteel,
I deprecate!—Heav'nly Father let me
Still feel, and forſake what's offenſive to Thee.

IV.

A Conſcience defiled can nothing enjoy;
But like a foul ſtomach does nauſeate and cloy,
With what would to others be wholeſome and
[good:
Makes a curſe of a bleſſing, and poiſon of food.

V.

Then give me a Conſcience that's pure and ſerene,
To ſerve God aright, and diſtinguiſh between
A ſhadow and ſubſtance. Nor with a falſe touch
Make too little of ſin, or of trifles too much.

* * *
* * *
*

THE *GOLDEN CHAIN* OF *SALVATION.*

On the Author's ſeeing his emblematical print (the Golden Chain of Salvation) hung up in the window of a print-ſhop, amidſt a variety of profane ſubjects.

INTENDED BY WAY OF EXPLANATION.

I.

AMIDST a group of vanities,
Spread forth to catch unwary eyes;
Fantaſtic and impure:
The Golden Chain! what, what is this!
What means this ſtrange, this myſtic piece?
I'll ſtay and view it ſure,

II.

But lo, methinks I only see
Confufion and obfcurity:
What can it all intend?
Some uncouth figures are pourtray'd,
And clouds and darknefs, light and fhade
In feeming chaos blend.

III.

Such is Salvation to the man,
Who's ignorant of its wond'rous plan,
Or gives a tranfient glance:
But when we take a nearer view;
But chiefly, when we tafte it too,
'Tis all fignificance.)

IV.

Four equal Circles like a chain,
Do each eternal truths contain,
Infeparably knit:
On thefe, a Female falely refts;
An emblem of the Church of Chrift,
Caught from Hell's yawning pit

V.

V.

See, what a Glory does ſurround
This happy Church; with Stars ſhe's crown'd,
Cloth'd in a ſpotleſs Robe:
Her eyes t'ward heav'n with joy caſt up,
While cleaving faſt by faith and hope,
She treads upon the Globe.

VI.

This Glory is the bright'ning rays,
The Sun of righteouſneſs diſplays
His favour'd Church around.
Thoſe Stars, the teſtimony ſhew
Of prophets, and apoſtles too,
With which this Church is crown'd.

VII.

But what's included in thoſe Links?
Some emblematic truths methinks,
I plainly in them ſee:
Dependant all, and all compleat.
Of one dimenſion, and in ſweet
Concordance all agree.

VIII.

The Firſt contains God's ſovereign Will,
Which pow'r and goodneſs will fulfil,
And juſtice ſhall approve;
Concerning thoſe, whoſe holy lives,
And humble hopes true witneſs gives,
Their names are writ above.

IX.

Theſe are conform'd to Chriſt their head;
Lo *there* the multitude he fed,
Lo *here* the ſcourge he bore:
Was chearful ſtill in doing good,
And patient in all ſuff'rings ſtood;
Tho' bath'd in ſweat and gore.

X.

Hanging on this all-wiſe decree,
Th' appointed means of grace we ſee;
The Word of truth and love;
Repentance t'wards an angry God,
And faith t'wards Jeſus' precious blood,
Seal'd by the heav'nly Dove.

XI.

XI.

Thus, by the energy of grace
Sinners are call'd to ſeek God's face,
E'en from deſtruction's brink.
From folly, ſin and error call'd,
By the good Shepherd to his fold—
This is the ſecond Link.

XII.

Level with this the Penitent ſhews
Who thro' faith's Optic, humbly views,
The all-atoning Croſs.
Sunk in oblivion all his ſin,
And cloth'd with Righteouſneſs *divine*,
His *own* he counts but loſs.

XIII.

The Ring, (the badge of love and peace)
His Hand of faith does nobly grace,
And ſee his Feet adorn'd
With Shoes, embroider'd rich beſide
With holineſs; while this world's pride
Is trampled on and ſcorn'd.

XIV.

The Link of Glory which remains,
Emblems of joy and praiſe contains;
Tho' yet but faintly known:
Yet not leſs ſure--His fore-known Bride,
Predeſtin'd, call'd and juſtify'd;
Chriſt will with glory crown. *

XV.

Angels are wrapt in deep amaze;
And ſtretch their wings, and ſtoop to gaze
On the myſterious plan.
With grief their ſuff'ring Lord they know;
And yet more bright they ſeem to glow
With joyfulneſs for man.

XVI.

Now, ſee what mighty Arms atop
Bear the ſtupendous fabric up;
How hangs the World on it!
While wide Deſtruction gapes in vain,
And Fiends their feeble efforts ſtrain
To drag it to the Pit.

* Rom. 8. 29 30.

XVII.

XVII.

In heav'n's immutable high Throne,
Behold eternal Love is ſhown;
Thro' Chriſt the Mercy-ſeat:
That Cov'ring of the ark ſo call,
Whence God propitious is to all
Who worſhip at his feet.

XVIII.

Above the Clouds three equal Lines,
Each with peculiar Glory ſhines;
Yet to one Centre drawn—
Not that the author could ſuppoſe,
Lines, the high myſt'ry would diſcloſe,
Of heav'n's ſupreme THREE-ONE.

XIX.

Soon, ſoon will Time the thread cut ſhort,
That does this hair-hung World ſupport:
Then woe to worldlings all!
But when in ruin nature ſinks;
Hail happy ſubjects of theſe Links,
For you can never fall.

STRENGTH.

STRENGTH.

AN ACROSTIC.

S hould all the pow'rs of heav'n and earth be [join'd;
T h' angelic, human, brutal force combin'd;
R ocks, mountains, bulwarks, citadels and tow'rs;
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
N ature's ſtrong holds, and artificial pow'rs;
G iants, and engines of amazing force;
T hen add the camel, elephant and horſe:
H iatus void were all, did not at length,
*E ternal Might come in, and make it StrEngth.

Explanation.

The word Strength conſiſting of ſeven conſonants could not be pronounced without the vowel E.—So the whole creation would be but a blank, without the continual exertion of uncreated Power.—All power belongeth unto God. Pſa. 62. 11.

ON

THE ORGAN.

WHAT a noble Inſtrument
Lamech's ſon did once invent !*
Since improv'd by modern care,
Pleaſing to the eye and ear.
Here is each harmonic chord
Which the pow'rs of ſound afford ;
Ev'ry ſweetneſs is combin'd
That can charm the tuneful mind.
Inſtruments of ev'ry ſort
Here their excellence import ;
Here the Trumpet's martial ſound,
Here the mellow Flute is found,
Horns, and Hautboys mix their tunes,
Sprightly Cornets, deep Baſſoons.

* Gen. 4. 21.

Muſic here exhauſts her treaſure,
Brings each various mood and meaſure:
Rapid movements, ſolemn drawls,
Sprightly airs, and melting falls;
Soft and ſoothing, loud and clear,
Swelling gently on the ear;
Thro' each pleaſing concord roll,
Raiſe and captivate the ſoul.

Let us peep within the Caſe.
And the hidden cauſes trace:
Pipes are ſeen in graceful rows;
Undearneath the Bellows blows;
Hence the wind in ſecret ways
Channels to the Pipes conveys;
Great or ſmall, but not exceeds;
Juſt proportion'd as each needs
To perform its office well,
And in proper place excell.

Regiſters

Regiſters there are beſide,
Which in grooves are made to ſlide,
And with wind each row ſupplies,
Or the whole can harmonize ;
Thus each ſep'rate ſtop is dumb,
Or may ſpeak ad libitum.
Here beſides are Valves and Springs,
And a multitude of things,
Difficult to be explain'd ;
All for ſpecial uſe ordain'd.

But tho' curious to the ſight,
Organs would be uſeleſs quite—
Touch'd by ſkilful hands alone,
'Tis the Keys muſt give the tone,
And compound the various chords,
Which rich harmony affords.
Nor can muſic yet be drawn
By the ſkilful touch alone ;
'Tis the Wind's all pow'rful blaſt
Gives effect to all at laſt.

Ev'ry

Ev'ry movement has its uſe,
Does to gen'ral good conduce ;
Ev'ry pipe its place muſt fill,
Paſſive to the maker's will ;
Here the great, and there the ſmall
Equally important all :
But revers'd, or left to chance,
What confuſion, diſſonance
Shocks our ear—but O what beauty,
When in place each does his duty !
Speaks enough, and not too much,
Nicely anſw'ring to the touch.
When each one performs his beſt,
And is tun'd to all the reſt ;
Then ſweet harmony is made,
And delight our ſouls pervade.

Nor do pleaſe the ſenſe alone,
Gilded pipes and fineſt tone :
Greater pleaſures here I find,
Pleaſures that improve the mind.

Say the Organ is the Church,
And its myſteries let us ſearch:
Built by him, who built the ſkies,
And with harmony ſupplies
All the planetary orbs,
Which no diſcord e'er diſturbs:
Who from Adam's ſtock, can raiſe
Inſtruments to ſound his praiſe.

Various Stops, of various name;
(In eſſentials yet the ſame)
Sects and parties aptly ſhows,
Which the chriſtian church compoſe;
Diff'ring in their gifts and ways;
Uniſon in Jeſus' praiſe.
Some like Diapaſons ſoft,
Sooth, and lift our ſouls aloft.
Others rouſe us with alarms;
As the Trumpet ſounds to arms:

Theſe

Theſe the ſinner to convert,
Thoſe to heal the broken heart:
But to praiſe their common Lord,
In full chorus *all* accord.

Next the Keys may repreſent
Means of grace—The ſacrament.
Pray'r or preaching, touch'd with ſkill,
If the end we would fulfil.
Yet on theſe we can't rely;
From the Spirit's agency
All the means efficience gain,
Or we preach and pray in vain.

Epiphonema.

Might I fill the humbleſt place
Uſefully within the caſe;
Keep the ſtation me aſſign'd,
Influenc'd by the ſacred Wind;

Chord

Chord with ſaints below, above;
Tun'd to harmony and love.
Tho' remote from public view,
Not a gilded pipe for ſhew;
(Specious hypocrites oft theſe,
Anſw'ring not to wind or keys)
But reſponſive to the Will
Of my heav'nly Maker ſtill,
I my nobleſt pow'rs would raiſe,
In the chorus of his praiſe.

LOVE

HUMAN *and* DIVINE,

CONTRASTED.

ALL human love compare to thwarting rays,
Of devious light, refracted thro' the lens
Of ſhallow ſenſe; converging till they claſh,
And then diverge as faſt.—Too oft we find,
The point of concourſe proves the point of ills:
The ſuddener they meet, the fatter off they fly.

The

The love of God is like the central beam,
(More clear, more ſtrong, more equal and more free)
Caught on the mirror of a bright'ned ſoul;
And back reflected on itſelf again.

The love of God, O who can find its meaſure!
Deep as our woe, and high as his perfections;
Broadly extending over all his creatures;
Length without end, thro' both Eternities.

The BEING and ATTRIBUTES of GOD.

TO prove a God all natures' works ariſe,
Thoſe works ſo perfect ſhew him great and wiſe,
Reaſon ſuggeſts he muſt be juſt and true,
And in his word a God of love we view.

THE *HAPPY MEAN.*

I.

FAIN would I find the happy Mean,
The narrow path that lies between ;
Not ſoar too-high, nor ſink too low,
Nor run too faſt, nor creep too ſlow.

II.

Not bloated with fantaſtic air,
Nor ſhrivell'd up with with carking care
Not raſhly vent'rous, and as free
From ſcrupulous timidity.

III.

In buſineſs diligent, to get
The comforts of the preſent ſtate ;
But not purſue that buſineſs ſo,
As thoſe ſame comforts to forego.

IV.

Free, but not laviſh; ſpend my ſtore
For all things needful, not one more.
Neat in my habit, but not nice;
Follow convenience, not caprice.

V.

In action vig'rous, yet ſerene;
Patient in ſuff'rings, but not mean:
Whate'er my lot on earth may be,
Receive with equanimity.

VI.

Not ſoon elated with ſucceſs,
Nor overwhelmed with diſtreſs:
Flee moping ſadneſs, frantic folly;
Exceſs of mirth, or melancholy.

VII.

Religion my chief ardour claims;
And here unbounded be my aims:
God's glory, all men's happineſs,
Eternal joys, and preſent peace.

VIII

VIII.

Yet I'd true adoration feel,
Not wild enthuſiaſtic zeal;
Or boiling o'er with blind devotion,
Or froze with cold inſipid notion.

IX.

Not ſtrain for points above my reach,
Keep to thoſe truths the ſcriptures teach:
Hold faſt whatever truth I ſeize on,
Tho' ever open to ſound reaſon.

X.

True to the party I approve,
Yet excellence in all men love;
For a ſtiff bigot to a name,
And a church-vagrant* both I blame.

XI.

T'wards men that equal rule purſue,
What I'd not ſuffer, never do:
To all obliging, courteous, free,
But no fantaſtic fribble be.

XII.

* One that wanders from one Sect to another.

XII.

Not baſely cringing to the great,
Yet with becoming def'rence treat:
Nor on the mean contemptuous tread,
Seek their eſteem, but not their dread.

XIII.

Stanch to my King, and Country's weal;
In both a mutual int'reſt feel:
But not my liberty ſo prize,
As to pluck out another's eyes.

XIV.

Not chain'd with ſplendid vaſſalage,
Nor bit by patriotic rage;
But do my duty in my ſtation,
And to my Betters leave the nation.

XV.

When ev'ry duty I have done,
Thank God for all, but truſt in none.
My num'rous faults deplore, yet not
Deſpair of pardon Chriſt has bought.

XIV.

When on the verge of life I tread,
Death's dart I'd neither court, nor dread;
But meet my fate with chearful awe,
And from a captious world withdraw.

TRUE NOBILITY.

I.

VAIN thoſe honours, and uncertain,
Which may fools and knaves befal:
'Tis the good, in ſpite of fortune,
We the truly great may call.

II.

Is a Name, or founding Title,
Giv'n by Potentates of earth;
Worthy of thy fond recital,
Stranger to an heav'nly birth?

III.

III.

What tho' Sol may ſhine reſplendent,
And brave emblems deck your ſhield:
If on vice you are dependent;
If you do to baſeneſs yield!

IV.

Fond of anceſtry, you trace it;
But if you've no worth to ſhew,
Know, the farther back you place it,
'Tis the more remote from you.

V.

Say, can heaps of glitt'ring treaſure,
Wide domains ennoble thee?
Or can ſcarfs and garters meaſure,
True and genuine dignity?

VI.

He alone is great and noble,
Who can reverence himſelf;
Who can count the world a bubble,
Pleaſures, pageantry and pelf.

VII.

VII.

Who diſplays a manly vigour,
Wins two vict'ries at a blow:
Firſt his pride ſubdues with rigour,
Then with kindneſs quells his foe.

VIII.

Who, by Vice, or Folly taunted,
Perſeveres in Virtue's race.
Who can meet his fate undaunted,
And the King of terrors face.

IX.

If at nothing great you're aiming,
But in ſloth or paſtimes lounge:
If in whoring, drinking, gaming,
You, your dignity can plunge:

X.

Does My Lord, or 's Grace befit ye?
Lofty Titles, pompous Forms—
From my heart I can you pity,
Little deſpicable Worms.

STATE

STATE OF INNOCENCY.

AN ACROSTIC.

S uch high perfection as a God could give
T o man, his laſt, beſt work; we may believe
A dam poſſeſt; nor wanted one thing yet
T o make his happy ſtation more compleat:
E 'er pride had ſwoln, cold envy had confin'd,
O r boiſt'rous paſſion had diſturb'd his mind.
F av'rite of heav'n, and Lord of all below;
I mage of him whoſe goodneſs made him ſo:
N o ſorrow knew, remote its cauſe as yet;
N o ſin had tainted his all-perfect ſtate:
O muiſcient as concern'd his duty, bliſs;
C apacious was his mind, his pow'r no leſs:
E ach creature gladly did his wiſh obey;
N ature ſubmitted to his gentle ſway:
C rown'd with a Conſort perfect as was he;
Y outh ever blooming, from diſorder free.

THE
UNGRATEFUL BEE.

On a Bee which being ſnatched from drowning inſtantly ſtung the hand which ſaved it.

GRACELESS creature how could you
Serve your kind Deliv'rer ſo?
Wound the hand, with cruel rage,
Which would fain your griefs aſſuage?
Which with kind officious ſtrife
Reach'd the pole that ſav'd your life?
Ingrate! ſurely not like thee
Was that fam'd illuſtrious Bee,*
Æſop has immortaliz'd,
Who the Dove's deliv'rance priz'd;
He due gratitude could ſhow,
And with vengeance flung her foe.

I Think

* See the Fable of the Dove and Bee.

Think, vile inſect, what diſgrace
Haſt thou brought upon thy race!
How thine anceſtry haſt ſham'd,
Long for ſocial virtues fam'd!

Strugg'ling on the waves you lay,
To voracious fiſh a prey;
Flutt'ring round and round with pain,
You attempt the ſhores in vain;
And no friendly breeze does waft
To your help a leafy raft;
Nor the oſier twig does bend,
That may kind aſſiſtance lend.
Then did pity touch her mind,
And immediate help you find:
Why (e'er life was ſcarce regain'd)
Were your puny efforts ſtrain'd
To repay with pungent ſmart,
Her who did that help impart?
Ah ungrateful creature why—
Surely you deſerv'd to die!

Go perfidious caitiff go;
I forbear to ſtrike the blow:
Should I tread you to the duſt,
Surely all muſt deem it juſt;
But revenge becomes not me,
E'en towards a worthleſs Bee,
How ungrateful have I prov'd!
To that God who freely lov'd
Me, when on the billows toſt,
And well nigh for ever loſt!
Who redeem'd my guilty ſoul,
Who, when wounded, made me whole.
To revenge, in me were wrong;
Vengeance do'n't to me belong.

Yet due puniſhment you'll find;
See, you've left your ſting behind!
Now eſteem'd a uſeleſs drone
(Doom'd like Cain to rove alone)
You a vagabond muſt live,
Driv'n from ev'ry ſocial hive;

Shun'd by ev'ry honeſt Bee,
Whither, ah whither can you flee!
Now expos'd to ev'ry foe,
You no weapon have to ſhow;
For one fooliſh act undone,
Pitied or reliev'd by none;
Miſchief can no longer do,
And muſt ſhortly periſh too.

Epiphonema.

O might this ungrateful Bee
Prove an uſeful hint to me!
Think how on the tide of ſin,
Floating, and well nigh drawn in,
By deſtruction's whirling gurge;
(Wave on wave to ruin urge!)
Strugg'ling in the jaws of death,
Hell attending on each breath,
Not a ſingle twig of hope,
Not a leaf to bear me up:

All

All attempts to reach the ſhore,
Serv'd to ſink me but the more.

Then how kind to me! how dear,
Was that welcome meſſenger,
Who reach'd out the goſpel pole,
And from ſinking caught my ſoul;
Then, to ſooth my anxious care,
Laid me to his boſom bare;
And apply'd the healing balm
Of a Saviour's precious name.
Now deliver'd from my fears,
Wip'd away my falling tears,
Bleſſings numberleſs I have,
And a hope beyond the grave.

Shall I ever, ever grieve
Him who taught my ſoul to live!
Or the inſtrument e'er wound,
By which mercy I have found!

O forbid

O forbid it God of Grace!
How could I thy name profefs,
Where a fin fo much as nam'd
Of which dev'ls would be aſham'd.
Could I ſuch a crime commit,
(For a chriſtian church not fit)
I deſervedly were driv'n
From all on earth, and all in heav'n.

MODERN INFIDELITY.

I.

THE *ancient Fools* ſaid in their heart,*
But our *wiſe Moderns* dare aſſert,
There is no God:
But how this wondrous world was brought
Into exiſtence without thought,
Is wondrous odd!

* Pſa. xiv. 1.

11

II.

Endleſs effects without a cauſe;
Order and fitneſs without laws;
Hard to conceive!
Yet aſk the ſtubborn Infidel,
Who d—mns all myſteries to hell;
He can believe!

III.

Does nature ſtill from nature flow?
What has no author, has no law:
Right——'tis a dream!
Chance governs all!—And this day's will
Of him that's ſtrongeſt, muſt be ſtill
The law ſupreme.

IV.

That I'm a Man, and not a Fly;
(If theſe bold reas'ners do not lie)
'Twas merely chance.
But how came Chance, or what is it?
To tell. I own is paſt my wit—
Then go to France!

V.

V.

O let me tread the ſafer way,
And ſpight of all theſe moderns ſay ;
Believe a God.
And if I'm wrong, they can't upbraid
Me for my faith, when both are laid
Beneath the clod !

THREE QUALIFICATIONS

NEEDFUL *for a* PREACHER.

THE Herald who the goſpel ſpreads,
Theſe three prerequiſites much needs ;
Not *now* indeed the gift of tongues,
But *ſtill* ſound Heart, ſound Head, ſound Lungs.
A Heart that's ſound in heav'nly love,
And ſound to precious ſouls does prove ;
A Head in pureſt doctrine ſound,
Which not with ev'ry wind turns round ;
And Lungs as ſound as any brale
To ſound it forth to all the race.

THE UNIVERSAL *CONQUEROR.*

I.

CEASE, ceaſe to tell of Cæſar's bloody fame;
Of Alexander and his murd'rous crew:
The mightier Hero I'm about to name,
Has humbled kings, and conqu'rors not a few.
E'en Cæſar's ſelf, and Alexander proud,
To his ſuperior ſceptre loathly bow'd.

II.

'Tis Death, great Death! the conqueror of all,
From Abel, to the laſt that e'er ſhall fall:
Who learned names, nor dignities reveres;
Nor pities feeble age, nor tender years:
The bold who fears not, nor the rich will know;
Nor thinks the meaneſt wretch too mean a foe.

III.

'Tis Death, who ſtill delights to deal his blows,
Where *leaſt* men think, where *moſt* his pow'r he
[ſhows:
The ſturdy Champion at a ſtroke cuts down,
But lets the wretched Lazar linger on;
The Wife and Virtuous ſoon his arrows find,
While worthleſs Knaves are left to plague man-
[kind.

IV.

The deareſt friends, and neareſt relatives,
From bleeding boſoms he remorſeleſs rives!
While thro' proud Palaces he grimly ſtalks,
(Marking with blood and ſlaughter his dread
[walks;
Diſtreſsful ſighs from Cells of woe and pain;
And groaning Hoſpitals implore his aid in vain.

V.

Nor lets ſarcaſtic is the wily foe;
In the ſtrange way by which he ſtrikes the blow.
The careful Drudge, who long had toil'd him-
[ſelf,
(Juſt now retiring to enjoy his pelf)

An

An apoplectic fit of all bereaves,
And his hard savings to a Spendthrift leaves.

VI.

The sumptuous Epicure (who more than gains
Prefers his ease) is rack'd with gouty pains;
And lo! the Votary of Pleasure groans,
While filthy venom rankles thro' his bones;
A quinsy starves the Glutton, and we see
The Starveling bloated with a tympany.

VII.

The dainty Fribble delicate and nice,
Is chok'd with his own stench, devour'd with [L--ce;
The Wit eat out with vapours, and the Gay
Without apparent cause oft pine away;
He, of his limbs th' Athletic does deprive,
Beauty deforms, and Honour rots alive.

VIII.

Thus doth the grisly Monarch urge his reign,
And his unbounded tyranny maintain:

From

From hoary heads, to the untimely birth,
He rules without a rival o'er the earth.
In vain do Cowards fue, do Heroes boaft—
And bribes and flatteries on Death are loft.

IX.

But is Death then the foe of all mankind?
No, he's the only friend on earth they find.
Behold the Upright, mark the Perfect man,
Who fears his God, who doth whate'er he can,
To blefs mankind; yet only doth depend
For mercy, pardon, blifs, on Chrift his friend.

X.

(*He* on the crofs difarm'd the haughty foe;
Now fends him friendly to his faints below,
To looſe them from their ſorrows, and their pains,
To cut aſunder all their galling chains,
And introduce them to his heav'nly courts,
While thro' the dreary paſſage he ſupports)

XI.

XI.

To ſuch, no ſudden death need e'er be fear'd,
Death can't be ſudden, they are ſtill prepar'd;
Nor yet ſevere, it does from dungeons raiſe
To heav'nly thrones, from griefs to endleſs joys:
Painful it may be, yet e'en this but tends
T' enhance their future Bliſs, which never ends.

THE *RARE SECRET.*

I.

TO be rich I intend:
But, nor money, nor friend
Can I call my own,
Nor one foot of land have I under the ſun.

II.

Ah! what's to be done?
Impatient I'm grown;
Rob I would not, nor ſteal;
But rich I muſt be, that I muſt, and I will.

III.

III.

Thus I ſtampt, and I ſtar'd——
A friend overheard;
He gave me a twitch—
"Peace, peace, I have found a receipt to be rich."

IV.

I gladly gave heed,
And beg'd he'd proceed;
For Riches I'd have—
He ſmil'd, and ſaid "Patience a moment I crave.

V.

"My ſecret is ſuch,
"Have you little or much,
"'Twill yield you a ſtore;
"Or double twice over what you had before.

VI.

"The means are at hand,
"To be rich at command;
"And obtained with eaſe,
"By art or by labour, or what way you pleaſe.

VII.

VII.

" If labour's your choice,

" Or you love merchandiſe;

" I'll teach you a trade,

" Where *cent per cent* int'reſt is every day made.

VIII.

" Or if art you prefer,

(" Not fond of much care)

" I've a wonderful ſtone

" Will ſoon do your work, and by touching [alone.

IX.

" Then why ſhould you fret?

" By *it* nothing you get;

" When here is a ſtore,

" And he who obtains it can never be poor."

X.

I begg'd he'd explain,

Nor keep me in pain—

He gladly reply'd;

" The Means are within you, and no where [beſide.

XI.

XI.

" Be *content*, and 'tis done,
" The world is your own ;
" Whate'er is of worth :
" The reſt what avails? you are rich, you are happy hence-forth.

The PRODIGAL MISER,

AN EPIGRAM.

THE Miſer has a double ſelf ;
The one loves eaſe, the other pelf ;
Theſe are perpetually at ſtrife,
Nor ends the conteſt but with life.
Perhaps, *to-morrow* want he may,
Therefore he'd rather want *to-day*!
His *future* ſelf will ſcarce permit
His *preſent* ſelf to eat a bit :
And yet for momentary toys,
He'll ſquander everlaſting joys.

THE
VINEYARD.

Go, work to day in my Vineyard. *

PROFESSORS of religion all,
The Muſe would your attention call;
Tho' ſimple is the truth ſhe ſings:
"To ſay and do are diff'rent things."
Mere compliments have little force;
We often deem them words of courſe:
Who uſe them much we ſcarcely truſt;
They raiſe ſuſpicion and diſguſt:
But when religion's made the plea,
'Tis dangerous hypocriſy.

A certain

L

* Mat. xxi. 28.

'A certain Man a Vineyard held,
Inclos'd from nature's barren field;
Delighting here his Sons to prove,
In duty, diligence and love.
Each in his several work proceeds;
Some dig the soil, some hoe the weeds,
Some the luxuriant branches lop,
Others the feebler branches prop;
Paul plants, Apollos wets the ground,
And all with heav'nly blessing's crown'd

The Christian Church this Vineyard call;
The Housholder, the Lord of all;
His Sons, Professors are at large;
To whom he gives this solemn charge:
"Go to my Vineyard ev'ry one,
"Much there is needful to be done;
"Go labour while 'tis call'd to-day,
"Your work admits of no delay:
"Let it be seen how much you prove
"My approbation and my love.

"At

" At ev'ning I your work will view,
" And each ſhall have what's juſtly due."

" I go Sir," ſays the Phariſee:
And who more diligent then he,
In pruning off exub'rant ſhoots;
But wofully neglects the roots!
Priding himſelf in outward ſhews,
And mercenary are his views:
To his own glory all is done;
For he, pure goſpel love has none,
Nor ſeeks God's honour, but would fain
Men's praiſe and admiration gain.

" I go Sir," ſays Intemp'rate Zeal.
Yes, like a thief that goes to ſteal,
O'er hedge and ditch you blindly ruſh,
Madly thro" brakes and briars bruſh;
Your judgement for the ſtandard ſet,
And then your fellow ſervants beat;

Pretend God's glory, mean your own,
And others labours trample down.
Was but the Vineyard left to you,
What dreadful havoc muſt enſue!

" I go Sir," ſays Vain Confidence:
Yet ſtirs not he one foot from thence;
In ſpeculations waſtes his day,
And ſaunters all his hours away.
" Be diligent in work—not he—
" 'Tis legal—and (thank God) he's free—
" Enough for him that he believes,
" Salvation as a gift receives.
" The beſt of men have had their ſlips—
" And who the law at all times keeps?
" To grieve becauſe he can't obey
" Does ſurely a weak faith betray."

" I go Sir," ſays the Formaliſt:
And now no ſolemn rite is miſs'd;

A-

At pray'rs, at preaching, facrament,
Firſt there, and there the moſt intent.
In cloſet rigidly devout,
Can ſin a *little* when he's out!
If unawares ſome neighbour, rude,
Should on his ſtated hours intrude:
From pray'rs he riſes, angry, vext,
And doubles his devotion next.
Does he prefer a form, or he
Should make a form *extempore*.
At church or meeting, 'tis all one:
(We've formaliſts in ev'ry town)
So diligent! you ſure muſt ſay,
This does his Father's will obey.

Poor man! you do not work, but ſlave,
And neither thanks, nor wages have;
For while on forms exact enough,
The fruitful branches you cut off:
You ſpoil the vines of all their grapes,
To pleaſe your eyes with antic ſhapes;

And

And juſt as well ſure he ſucceeds,
Who pulls the plants and leaves the weeds.
At ev'ry ordinance preciſe;
In tithing * ſcrupulouſly nice:
While works of juſtice, mercy, love,
You quite omit, or ſlightly prove.

The Houſeholder with ſorrow fill'd—
" Shall then my Vineyard lie untill'd?
" Muſt I forever thus be mock'd—
" With empty compliments be ſhock'd?
" No, I'll command my other Son;
" No doubt he preſently will run:
" Unnumber'd bleſſings has he found,
" And ſurely is in duty bound,
" To render me ſome ſervice due:
" Go, Son (my Vineyard waits for you)
" Your dutiful obedience ſhew."

But lo! the diſobedient Son
Thus anſwers, with a ſurly tone:
" I will

* Mat. xxiii. 23. Luke xiii. 12.

" I will not go :——what, waſte my days
" In prayers and harſh auſterities !
" I'm free, and will not be controll'd ;
" Religion's fitteſt for the old ;
" But I am young, and blithe and gay,
" And muſt ſubmit to pleaſure's ſway.
" I'll gather roſes while they blow—
" The time may come——I will not go."

But who is proof 'gainſt ſov'reign Love ?
The moſt rebellious heart 'twill move :
It ſoftens adamant and ſteel,
Or what's as hard, man's ſtubborn will.
Almighty Love now tries it's pow'r,
Lo, in ſome kind propitious hour
It reach'd his heart, his folly ſhew'd,
And all his ſtubbornneſs ſubdu'd.
The Son is touch'd—He now repents
His raſh reſolves, his dire intents :

He sues for pardon, and for grace,
Then to the Vineyard runs apace;
There works with gratitude and zeal,
And thus fulfils his Father's will.

A REFLECTION

On blowing a Fire, and observing the ascent of the Sparks.

VILE dust and ashes as I am,
Fir'd by the Spirit's quick'ning blast
I'll emulate the purer flame,
And t'wards superior regions haste:
With sparkling zeal, and glowing love,
And ever-tow'ring praise I'll rise;
From all my earthy dregs remove,
And mingle with my native skies.

EMPLOYMENT
FOR
ETERNITY.

I.

ETERNITY, o'erwhelming thought!
The farther ſtill the more 'tis ſought:
A Deep immenſe without a coaſt,
Where ages are by thouſands loſt.
How ſhall we fill that mighty void?
How ſhall thoſe ages be employ'd?

II.

Yet lo! in one immortal mind
We more than adequate may find,
That unconceived void to fill
With topics inexhauſtible:
Eternity too ſcanty ſeems
T' inveſtigate the boundleſs themes.

III.

To view by heav'n's unerring light
The works of Wiſdom infinite ;
Creation's wonders fully ſcan,
And all God's providential plan ;
Each of theſe ſubjects ſure would be
Too much for one Eternity.

IV.

Each pleaſing ſcience to explore,
Which we but ſlightly knew before ;
Thoſe hidden cauſes to ſearch out,
By which effects were brought about ;
All nature's beauties to admire,
Millions of years would ſure require.

V.

The various hiſt'ry of the world
Perhaps will fully be unfurl'd ;
The riſe of empires and their fall,
And God's all-wiſe deſigns in all :

To

To read the complicated page,
Would take an everlafting age.

VI.

Should we the fcenes reiterate
Of this probationary ftate,
While our prompt memory revives
Each paft occurrence of our lives;
The retrofpective view would yield
To us a moft extenfive field.

VII.

The meaning of each grief to know,
And difappointment while below;
Dangers efcap'd, unknown before,
And bleffings numberlefs count o'er—
Eternity will feem too fhort,
To thank our God for ev'ry fort.

VIII.

With all the virtuous and the wife,
Who've gain'd a manfion in the fkies,

To be acquainted and converſe,
Our mutual happineſs rehearſe—
With every ſuch all-perfect friend,
An age of pleaſure we might ſpend.

IX.

But O, the myſteries of grace,
And myſteries of ſin to trace!
Why ſin permitted to commence,
With all its horrid conſequence.
And how from evil good is drawn—
Would fill Eternity alone.

X.

Thus no dull tædium ſhall we find,
Or painful vacancy of mind;
But pay the debt of praiſe we owe,
(Which will by payment ever grow)
And thus with wonder, love and joy,
A bleſt Eternity employ.

THE FOLLY OF *IMPATIENCE.*

I.

DEAR Friend let Providence direct
Your every ſtep, nor dare object,
Nor run before, but patient wait,
And it will open ev'ry gate
That bars your road, make crooked plain,
'Till you your utmoſt wiſh ſhall gain.

II.

Too-many eagerly would gripe
The promiſes before they're ripe;
Which of their own accord will drop,
When their appointed time is up,
By haſte they over-run their joys;
And wiſhing oft their wiſh deſtroys.

III.

III.

Have you not ſeen how ſilly thoſe,
Who preſs a poſie to their noſe,
To rifle its ſpontaneous ſweets?
But only diſappointment meets:
For the bruis'd flow'rs inſipid grown,
Yield a rank ſavour, not their own.

VI.

We blame the too-fond mother's joy,
Who overlays her fav'rite boy.
Or fool (who ſure deſerv'd to beg)
Whoſe gooſe once laid the golden egg:
But was a greater gooſe himſelf;
Ript up his fowl, and loſt his pelf.*

V.

Yet lo! men judge they're paſſing wiſe,
If they can graſp a preſent prize;
Nor mind, how on a future day
May dearly for their raſhneſs pay:

Paſſion

*See Æſop's Fables

Paſſion *now* wants her good things giv'n,
But Patience waits for her's in *Heav'n*.*

VI.

But dropping now the riddling mood,
I'll with an anecdote conclude.
A Friend of mine (no matter who,
Perhaps my Friend you've done ſo too)
Did melons in his garden ſow,
But nature's proceſs thought to ſlow:

VII.

Then ev'ry day he ſtir'd the ground,
And the ſcarce ſhooting ſeeds he found.
'Till vegetation often check'd,
They rotted, and ne'er took effect:
Thus all his hopes Impatience croſs'd,
And all he gains is labour loſt.

MANNERS

* See Pilgrim's Progreſs.

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN!

AN EPIGRAM.

AH! what's a Title without merit?
'Tis a void carcaſe without ſpirit;
A rotten image gilded o'er;
A ſtar and garter on a ſore.
What tho' you are addreſs'd "My Lord,"
If your behaviour don't accord!
Or if "His Grace" ſhould be your title,
If grace you have not got *a little!*
Or ſhould your name conclude D. D.
Great Doctor of Divinity;
Unleſs in teaching you excel,
Men will be apt Dumb D—g* to ſpell.
But O thoſe dignities how bright!
Where honour, virtue, grace unite:
Good ſenſe and learning lay the plan,
And gentle manners make the man.

* Iſa. lxvi. x.

FAITH above REASON.

I.

BY Faith we wond'rous truths can see
Wrapt up in gospel mystery,
Which Reason can't discern:
Which haughty Wisdom won't allow,
Forsooth, because she knows not how,
And is too proud to learn!

II.

Shall Wisdom ever then admit;
Or Reason prove 'twas right and fit,
That God should leave his throne?
Descend from heav'n's sublime abodes
To make men little less than gods,
And for their sins atone!

III.

III.

Shall blameleſs innocence be ſcourg'd,
That guilty rebels might be purg'd,
And with high honours crown'd ?
No, ſays proud Reaſon, 'tis abſurd !
Was e'er ſuch arrant folly heard ?
Was e'er example found ?

IV,

But firſt then let us aſk her why
Thouſands of infants daily die,
Who ne'er a fault commit ?
Feel ſorrow, ſickneſs, want and pain ?
Yet that they do ſo what more plain ?
Can Reaſon prove it fit ?

V.

On ev'ry plant, and ev'ry tree
Unnumber'd myſt'ries ſo we ſee,
Which Reaſon can't unfold :
Itſelf's a myſtery we find ;
For how produced in the mind
Has never yet been told.

VI.

Yet Reaſon I would not degrade,
Nor from ſound Wiſdom would diſſuade;
But let them keep their place,
And in their proper orbits ſhine;
There Reaſon's ſelf is half divine,
And Wiſdom is a grace.

VII.

Let them, with ever-cautious oars,
Still paddle round time's winding ſhores;
To ſhallow ſenſe keep nigh:
But Faith explores the trackleſs deeps,
And with bold ſails the ocean ſweeps
Of vaſt eternity.

VIII.

In duſky ſhades let Reaſon prowl;
And Wiſdom, like her fav'rite owl,
Avoid the ſolar ray:
But Faith outbraves the bird of Jove;
The ſun's dim region ſoars above,
And baſks in purer day!

AN
ÆNIGMA.

AS lately I rov'd o'er the the hills, thro' the plain,
Admiring the products of Wisdom divine;
Above me, around me, yea under my feet
Nought else but strange wonders methought could I meet:
Yet one of all others most drew my attention;
Pray hear me describe him, then try your invention.

Convolv'd in a lab'rinth the caitiff I found,
And strictly immured with round within round;
For innocence yet there are few who exceed him,
And fewer enjoy such an absolute freedom:
A vagrant unbounded, yet (wond'rous to tell)
So strict a recluse that he ne'er quits his cell;
Intruding all over the country does roam,
And yet 'tis most true that he's never from home.

A This

The proudeſt of walls, tho' the clouds veil [their tops,
He eaſily ſcales without ladder or ropes;
Mounts up to almoſt inacceſſible heights,
Tho' furniſh'd but ill for ſuch deſperate flights;
Which ſure you muſt grant when I tell you [moreover,
That feet, hands or wings I could never diſcover.

I ſaw him moſt cautiouſly mark out his track,
But by the ſame road he ſcarce ever comes back:
And ſtrange! tho' his pace is remarkably ſlow,
He ſeldom moves ſtraight, but goes round with [the bow.

So ſimple, ſo complex, ſo common, yet rare;
True emblem of myſt'ry he is you'd declare:
What name would beſt ſuit him I could not [agree,
A pilgrim, a hermit, a pris'ner or free;
If fiſh, fleſh or fowl, or whether all three:
Yet all I have ſaid you will find ſtrictly true;
To fix it exactly I now leave to you.

Anſwer.

Anſwer.

This wonderful creature, when ſtripp'd of its vail,
No other appears than a poor harmleſs Snail.

Improvement.

But lo in this creature methinks I can ſee,
My ſoul, a moſt ſtriking reſemblance of thee:
Shut up in a priſon of fleſh, and confin'd
To drag the dull load, nor can leave it behind:
How mean is my ſtation, how ſlow is my pace;
What ſnail-creeps, what halts do I make in my [race:
But ſtill I'd keep forwards, nor leave the right [track,
Whatever ſad burdens I bear on my back:
Yea ever ambitious, I'd climb t'wards the ſkies,
Tho' ſtrength I find none for this great enterprize;
So low my condition, my nature ſo frail:
Yet I've one advantage above the poor Snail;
Whatever I want is ſupply'd by another,
I can pray to my Saviour, my friend and my [brother:
He is feet to the lame, he is eyes to the blind,
And he can give wings that will outſtrip the wind.

A CHAIN
OF
CONSEQUENCES.

ASTONISHMENT upon me ſeize!
What, what am I! or whence came theſe!
What wonders ev'ry where ſurround!
What beauties exquiſite abound!
Where'er I turn my raviſh'd eyes,
Freſh objects ſtrike me with ſurpriſe—
What ſeems there yon? A globe of fire
Enlight'ning all, which ſeems t' inſpire
With life, thoſe beings multiform,
That all around by myriads ſwarm:
From the huge monſters of the deep,
To puny multitudes that creep

On ev'ry plant ; and num'rous fry
Minute, that vaniſh from the eye.*
And ſee! a leſſer globe of light,
Whene'er his abſence brings the night,
And he withdraws his dazzling beams—
Thouſands of others too there ſeems
Scatter'd thro' all the boundleſs ſky
In careleſs, beauteous majeſty.

What then am I, or wherefore caſt
Amidſt this world of wonders vaſt ?
Whence roſe this complicate machine,†
Where wonders greater ſtill are ſeen ?
With various ſenſe and pow'rs endu'd ;
I ſee! I hear! I taſte my food!
I move from place to place at will!
Can either pain or pleaſure feel,

As

* Millions of different kinds of animalcules, or living creatures, are diſcoverable by the microſcope in a ſingle drop of water.

† The human body.

As outward objects ſtrike the ſenſe!
Yet lo I am mere impotence;
Exiſting here becauſe I muſt,
A breathing particle of duſt;
A clod of animated clay,
That of myſelf can only ſay,
Once was I born, and once muſt die:
Ah who, or where, or what am I!

But lo I think! thoſe thoughts expreſs!
Self-conſcious being I poſſeſs;
'Midſt thouſands who poſſeſs the ſame:
Yet not from us this curious frame,
Or thinking principle e'er came:
This would involve abſurdity;
At once to be, and not to be!
To make, before ourſelves were made!
E'er we could will, to be obey'd!
'Tis not in man a mite to form,
Or animate a dying worm,

Create an atom, wing a fly,
Or ſketch a dew-drop from the ſky.

Yet than my ſpecies none appear
More capable, more noble here.
Whether it lives in earth or ſea,
Below mankind muſt ſurely be:
Since tam'd by his ſuperior ſkill,
And made ſubſervient to his will.
The ſum moſt glorious of the reſt,
(Yet, has been for a god confeſt)
Tho' all things own his quick'ning beams;
Devoid of will, or pow'r he ſeems:
Immutate, inconſcious quite,
A mere receptacle of light.
Yet all the ſtars that crown the ſky,
Can't ſhog'ther with him vie
In ſize or beautiful ſtyle;
O ſo much majeſty expreſs:

So

So that whate'er is seen, 'tis clear,
Could not be form'd by that which doth appear.

Some great First Cause must then have been,
Superior far to all I've seen :
Some wise Intelligence I guess,
For all his works declare no less.
On all things, which to me appear,
He has impress'd his character.
Millions of different parts I see
Arrang'd in beauteous symmetry ;
All suited to their various ends,
And each the other's good intends ;
Agreeing in one perfect whole,
As animated by one soul.
That he's all-pow'rful needs no proof;
That I exist is proof enough :
In me what wonders are combin'd ;
What nice dependencies are join'd :

Amidst

Amidſt a thouſand death's upheld,
And with ten thouſand bleſſings fill'd.
Nor I alone, to all that lives
He life, and breath and being gives;
To all his daily kindneſs ſhows;
On each his proper bliſs beſtows:
So that I cannot but conclude,
Some Being pow'rful, wiſe and good:
My own exiſtence muſt deny,
E'er I can doubt a Deity.

'Tis from this God I all derive,
To him my all I ought to give;
Worthy of ev'ry pow'r I have,
Since ev'ry pow'r to me he gave;
And ev'ry bleſſing I enjoy
I ſure ſhould in His praiſe employ.
A Being amiable, yet juſt,
(For if all-perfect ſo he muſt)

If juſt, then he muſt puniſh wrong,
Unleſs th' offender is more ſtrong;
But he who made me ſure muſt have
A pow'r to puniſh or to ſave;
And he who form'd the heart muſt know
Whether the heart be right or no.

Then am I as I ought to be?
What this juſt God muſt claim of me?
Or have I render'd all I owe?
My conſcious ſpirit anſwers, No.
My dubious thoughts oft me accuſe,
That his indulgence I abuſe;
To his juſt ſervice prove untrue,
And do what I ought not to do.
A ſtrange propenſity to ill,
Spite of myſelf, alas, I feel!
And when I would do good, I find
A law oppoſing in my mind;

From

From hence I juſtly may conclude
I am not what he made me—Good :
Some hapleſs change muſt have befall,
But how, or when, I cannot tell.*

Yet I would fain forgiveneſs hope,
From his large mercy's boundleſs ſcope :
To him what pleaſure can it be
To triumph in my miſery ?
But then a doubt ſhoots thro' my heart,
(I feel it like a poiſon'd dart)
What ground have I to think he will—
Is he not juſt and holy ſtill ?
For if one ſinner he can free,
And paſs by with impunity,
Then why not all the human race,
And for his juſtice leave no place ?

This

* The perſon is here repreſented as reaſoning from what he feels, without being as yet acquainted with the ſcriptural account of the fall of man.

This would not ſure conſiſtent ſeem;
How of his honour ſhould I deem?
And did no puniſhment belong
To ſin, then where is right or wrong?

But mayn't repentance, if ſincere,
Me from all paſt offences clear?
And if henceforth I do my beſt,
Will not my God excuſe the reſt?
'Tis all to me remains at laſt;
I can't recover what is paſt.
What then does God by ſorrow get?
Did ever tears waſh out a debt?
Or if a debtor ſtrictly pay,
His obligations from this day;
Will that blot out his former ſcore?
Is he a debtor now no more?
But ah! was all to day made plain,
'Twould be to-morrow wrong again;

For

For pow'r to what is right I've not:
Alas, how dreadful is my lot!
I have no refuge or relief,
I muſt ſurrender up to grief!
The total ſum, the final coſt,
If God be juſt, I muſt be loſt.

Amongſt the creatures, ſure there's none
That can for human crimes atone.
Should all the animals be ſlain,
That graze o'er earth's extended plain;
E'en with their blood its ſurface ſoak,
And on ten thouſand altars ſmoke;
What ſatisfaction could that be
To heav'n, what ſuitable to me?
Should nobler beings from on high
Mortal become and for me die:
Could they juſt puniſhment endure,
Or pardon for my foul procure?

No

No, my offence is infinite,
Beyond the reach of creatures quite;
And were they able, ah what hope
That God would take the matter up!

Oh where can I direct my thought?
Where can a fubſtitute be fought?
What books, what records do pretend
To point me out ſo kind a friend?
Some books indeed do much profeſs,
And moral virtues warmly preſs:
And oft I hear of holy men,
Who, by their conduct and their pen,
Do excellent examples ſhow,
And point the way I ought to go:
But what avails all this to me,
Who find an inability
Their precepts to perform, and ſtill
Fall ſhort of my Creator's will?

Throughout creation's ample round,
Can no kind advocate be found,
My desp'rate cafe to undertake,
And fuffer vengeance for my fake ?
Some mediator, who can join
A nature human with divine,
To treat with God and treat with man,
Upon an equitable plan ;
Sufficient to content the one,
And for the other to atone ;
Not forc'd, or of his right depriv'd,
Self-competent and underiv'd ;
One who poffeffes right divine,
To fubftitute his ftate for mine ?
(And my juft creditor agree,
What he performs, to charge to me)
Quite willing, and as able too,
To undertake and to go thro'
The arduous project, and fulfil
Compleatly all my Maker's will ?

Yet

Yes, one I find has fhed his blood,
Who ſtiles himſelf the Son of God;
The glories of the ſkies forſook,
My nature and my mis'ries took;
Submitted to be born and die,
To reſcue ſinners ſuch as I;
And who, to prove his miſſion true,
Did miracles and wonders ſhew:
Not frivolous, abſurd, obſcure;
But uſeful in their aim, and pure:
(The poor were taught, the hungry fed,
Heal'd were the ſick and rais'd the dead!)
Whoſe blameleſs life and doct'rine pure,
No vile impoſtor could endure:
Yet he appeal'd to Heav'n's award,
And publicly to all declar'd,
That dying he would riſe again:
And that he *did ſo* is moſt plain;
For numbers ſaw and prov'd the fact,
Nor would their evidence retract;

Unmov'd

Unmov'd 'midſt taunts and tortures flood,
And ſeal'd their witneſs with their blood.

That this their teſtimony's true,
Their writings ſtill remain to ſhew:
Writings full worthy of my truſt,
Benign to man, to God moſt juſt:
Where pureſt ſentiments abound,
Connivance at no vice is found;
A faithful narrative of facts,
Agreed in all material acts;
Which ſubtlety could ne'er confute,
Nor malice from the earth could root;
Tho' back'd by Pow'rs who rul'd ſupreme,
And urg'd by cruelties extreme!

'Twas no concerted plan 'tis clear;
Thoſe variations which appear,
In things of ſmall importance ſhew
The writers had no fraud in view.

Beſides

Beſides from knaves, what likelihood
To make men holy, juſt and good?
A code of perfect laws to frame,
Which their own conduct ſhould condemn;
Cenſure each action, word, deſire,
And doom them to eternal fire?
Their preſent int'reſt, future fame,
Give up for poverty and ſhame?
Nor could the writers of this book
(Tho' crafty methods they forſook)
Fools or enthuſiaſts ſurely be:
Conſummate wiſdom lo we ſee
Throughout this matchleſs volume ſhine,
In ev'ry page, and ev'ry line!

It is the word of Him whoſe voice
Bid all theſe wonders round me riſe;
Who pour'd thoſe mighty orbs on high
In vaſt profuſion o'er the ſky;

With

With various life fills earth and seas,
And governs all things as he pleaſe:
For here a majeſty I ſee,
With all his other works t' agree;
It is creation's counterpart;
Above the niceties of art:
Here no fantaſtic forms appear,
Or artful ſtrains entice the ear;
But holy precepts we deſcry,
And truths which conſcience can't deny;
Support in all life's ills we have,
And glorious views beyond the grave.

Tho' heav'n and earth depart, this word
A ſure foundation does afford;
Firm as God's throne it muſt endure,
And here I fix my hopes ſecure.

* * * * *
* * * *
* *
*

A SYNOPSIS,
Or concise view of the preceding arguments.

THE most astonishing wonders are to be seen all around us.

Our own frame is the greatest wonder of all.

Man could not be the author of his own existence or of the things about him.

No other being that we can perceive, is more likely to be the author of our existence than man.

There must therefore be some invisible Agent who made us; and this Being is proved by his works to be powerful, wise and good.

To this Being, who is doubtless just, as well as powerful, wise and good; we ought to render all dutiful obedience.

Conscience tells us we have come short of the obedience due to our Creator; and experience proves we cannot serve him as we should.

Hope of forgiveness is vain, without a suitable satisfaction made to God's justice.

Repentance and amendment can make no restitution for past offences.

No suitable or sufficient satisfaction, or atonement, can be expected from any of the creatures in our behalf.

No books * or perſons point out a ſurety qualified to undertake for mankind.

Deſcription of qualifications neceſſary to conſtitute ſuch a ſurety.

Jeſus Chriſt, as ſet forth to us in the new teſtament, is juſt ſuch a ſurety or mediator as we need.

The truth and excellency of the ſcriptures.

The ſcriptures could not be the work of deſigning men is prov'd even from their ſuppoſed imperfections ; nor of fools or enthuſiaſts, as may be gathered by the excellency of their contents.

Concluſion :---The Holy Bible muſt therefore be from God : and if ſo, muſt be worthy of our full truſt and dependance.

* The books of the Holy Scriptures are here of courſe to be excepted.

RETALIATION.

THE brutes will evil give for evil ;
Evil for good is from the devil ;
'Tis human good with good to join ;
But good for evil is divine.

ADVICE

ADVICE to PARENTS, &c.

I.

PARENTS, and all who have in charge
To form the rising race;
Your obligations O how large!
Important is your place.

II.

The honour of your Maker's name,
The welfare of mankind,
And your child's happiness and fame,
Are all to you consign'd.

III.

O then invoke the aid of Heav'n,
Superior wisdom ask;
That love and prudence may be giv'n
To undertake the task.

IV.

And would you much relieve your toil ?
Then meet their tempers right :
False tenderneſs too oft will ſpoil ;
Severity affright.

V.

Nor yet neglect reſtraint too long,
'Till nature ſhall run rude :
Habits of vice may grow ſo ſtrong,
As ſcarce to be ſubdu'd.

VI.

The garden of the youthful mind
Muſt not be left alone :
Some work therein you'll daily find
Is needful to be done.

VII.

The uſeful plant and pleaſant flow'r
Are rais'd with care and toil :
But noxious weeds too oft o'er-pow'r ;
Congenial with the ſoil.

VIII.

VIII.

While green the twig, and pliant ſtill,
Then bend it to its place;
While warm the wax impreſs the ſeal,
Which time will not efface.

IX.

And firſt, unto the great Supreme
Direct their high regard:
With ſolemn awe to ſpeak of him;
His Name, his Works, his Word.

X.

And ever let them rev'rence yield
To his appointed day;
Not ſaunt'ring o'er the ſtreets or field,
In idleneſs or play.

XI.

But to the temples of his grace
Your young immortals lead;
And what they hear, at home impreſs;
The ſacred volume read.

XII.

XII.

Next, to the pow'rs which God ordains,
Enjoin fubmiffion due;
Obedience to fuperiors gains
Authority to you;

XIII.

And with their equals to avoid
All bickerings and ftrife:
Peace and good-nature oft betide
A long and happy life.

XIV.

From horrid cruelty, O turn
Betimes the tender mind!
Who torture infects, foon may learn
To butcher human kind!

XV.

But ev'ry kind and gentle deed
Should your applaufes meet:
Sure thofe who kindnefs often need,
Should others kindly treat.

XVI.

XVI.

To make diſtreſs their merriment
Deſerves ſevereſt blame:
The wanton crime God may reſent,
And make your child the ſame!

XVII.

Immodeſt ſpeeches, ſongs obſcene,
All ribaldry and traſh;
With what is vulgar, low or mean,
You with a frown muſt quaſh.

XVIII.

But with the ſayings of the wiſe,
And maxims of the good,
Still fill their minds; and e'en more prize
Than you would wholeſome food.

XIX.

Diſhoneſt practices, and mean,
Diſcountenance always:
Nor let a knaviſh trick be ſeen,
E'en in their childiſh plays.

XX.

XX.

To hate a lie, to love the truth,
Inculcate all you can:
Theſe make an amiable youth,
And a reſpected man.

XXI.

However rich, yet youth always
To induſtry inure:
What may befal in future days,
No mortal can be ſure.

XXII.

Let them not idly paſs a day;
Some uſeful ſtudy find,
Or innocent and healthful play,
To recreate the mind.

XXIII.

But with what play-fellows you truſt
Your darling, O beware!
Example like corroding ruſt
Will tarniſh all your care.

XXIV.

Who would be wiſe, muſt with the wiſe
Aſſociate day by day :
Oft, deeds that manhood ſignalize
Are learn'd in youthful play.

XXV.

Thus, taught to act their part aright
On life's important ſtage ;
May they prove *now* your heart's delight,
And comfort of your age.

THE
FALSE ALARM.

'TIS danger ſhews men's genuine worth,
And calls their latent virtues forth,
Diſcovers what is falſe from true,
And proves thoſe virtues are but few.
True fortitude from danger ſprings,
Where dunghill-bullies droop their wings.

Here all forc'd compliments muſt yield,
And native ſelf's no more conceal'd.
In danger few with fawning lies,
Flatter the fool their hearts deſpiſe;
Or the precedence yield to him
They far beneath themſelves eſteem.
'Tis this of friendſhip is the teſt,
Proves what is real, what's profeſs'd.
Who is *your* friend by this you cán try,
And who's a friend to purſe and pantry.

A party of ſelected friends
(Such as of late that name intends)
Together by appointment met,
And having ſhar'd a handſome treat,
The ev'ning ſpend in ſocial chat
Of courage, friendſhip, and all that.
One boaſts how many dangers he
Had nobly brav'd by land and ſea;

Undaunted

Undaunted ſtood, when others fled,—
His heart had ne'er been touch'd with dread.
Another dwells on friendſhip's worth,
And in its praiſes launches forth :
That 'tis in danger chiefly ſhown,
Or elſe true friendſhip it is none :
Rather than he'd deſert his friend,
Upon the ſpot his life ſhould end.
Patience is alſo much extoll'd,
Amongſt the virtues is enroll'd ;
Of fortitude the younger ſiſter ;
All on their ſide vow to inliſt her :
With her, heroic deeds perform,
And weather out the blackeſt ſtorm.

The converſation now grew warm,
The friendly glaſs had baniſh'd form ;
All harmony and joy appears—
When to a cry aſſaults their ears ;

A cry of fire, none knows by whom—
" Where! where!" reverb'rates round the room:
" 'Tis in the houſe, the flames are ſpread,
" 'Tis all around, 'tis o'er their head—
" The roof is falling and muſt cruſh——"
All take th' alarm, at once they ruſh;
Tables and chairs o'erturned lie,
Pipes, glaſſes, cups in pieces fly.
Now all's confuſion—old and young,
And high and low promiſcuous throng.
They thruſt, are thruſted, backs are rode on,
And clothes are torn, and toes are trode on,
The complaiſant their betters juſtle,
None think of manners in the buſtle.

Then 'twards the doors at once they thruſt;
But each endeav'ring to be firſt,
They every avenue block up,
And of eſcape preclude all hope.

Thus

Thus ev'ry means of ſafety fled,
They ſtare, they all turn pale with dread;
The tim'rous ſhriek, the boldeſt fear,
And for the firſt time drop a pray'r.
Some on the floor in ſwoonings fall,
Unheeded, trampl'd on by all:
Some ſilent ſit and rend their hairs,
Some rave aloud and curſe their ſtars:
Patience, and fortitude's forgot,
And friendſhip proves a thing of nought.

At length, one wiſer than the reſt
Crav'd ſilence, and them thus addreſt:
(Calm'd was the wild commotion rude,
And ev'ry ear attentive ſtood)
"Dear Friends, why all this needleſs haſte?
"Perhaps 'tis but a joke at laſt:
"Permit me but to ſally out,
"And o'er the building ſearch about—"

'Tis

'Tis done, and lo there's found no harm,
'Tis prov'd to be a falſe alarm.
Order's reſtor'd, new joy appears,
And each one wonders at his fears.
Again in talk his courage wields,
And paſt diſtreſs diverſion yields.

Thus will it be (might we but dare
Great things with trifles to compare)
When men are drowned in cares and pleaſures,
Or heaping up uncertain treaſures:
The cry is made, the midnight cry,
No falſe alarm, the Judge is nigh:
Behold he comes in ſolemn pomp!
Hear, hear th' archangel's mighty trump!
It rends the tombs, the dead ſtart up;
Some ſhrink with dread, ſome glow with hope!
The thunders roll, the lightnings fly,
Earth flames aloft and melts the ſky;

Trifles

Trifles no longer can amuſe ;
Heav'n's call can men no more refuſe :
In vain 'tis now for help to cry ;
In vain are all attempts to fly :
No more our ſafety friends endeavour,
The deareſt friends muſt part for ever.

Behold the Chriſtian! nobly grand,
'Midſt the wild uproar ſee him ſtand ;
Compos'd and happy he ſuſtains
Nature's laſt ſhock, nor e'er complains :
All ſin remov'd, the Judge his friend,
His joys begin, his ſorrows end.
What tho' earth's flames around him riſe,
He has a manſion in the ſkies ;
And when all things are burnt up here,
His houſe remains forever there.

ANCIENT and MODERN PROFESSORS of CHRISTIANITY, CONTRASTED.

I.

AS perfecution is withdrawn,
Profeſſion will increaſe;
But then, the commoner 'tis grown
It's value is the leſs.

II.

Religious counterfeits now paſs;
What numbers do them hold!
But what compare has modern braſs
With primitive true gold!

III.

The ancient Heroes of the Croſs
Waded thro' ſeas of blood;
Of ev'ry comfort ſuffer'd loſs,
And fought their way to God.* VI.

* The primitive chriſtians are here intended, who fought againſt ſin and ſelf; not thoſe, who contrary to the principles of chriſtianity, fought to propagate it by by the ſword.

IV.

Now many boaſt the chriſtian name
Who lounge in ſelfiſh eaſe;
Who by it gain both wealth and fame,
And ſeek the world to pleaſe.

V.

Once chriſtians lov'd as brethren dear,
And held one common cauſe;
One was their faith, and one their fear,
Govern'd by Chriſt's pure laws.

VI.

But now a thouſand int'reſts ſway,
A thouſand creeds prevail;
All poſitive in their own way,
And at all others rail.

VII.

With ancient Saints dare you to boaſt?
Forbear a thought ſo vain:
They all things by religion *loſt*,
You by it all things *gain*.

VIII.

They brought not to the altar that
Which had not coſt them ought ;
You by the ſacrifice grow fat,
Nor will ſerve God for nought.

IX.

That you are foll'wers of the Lamb,
What token can you ſhew ?
You ſuffer nothing for his name,
And little will you do.

X.

Such counterfeits, ſuch worthleſs ſtuff !
With ſpecious forms gilt o'er,
May with thoſe men do well enough,
Who have themſelves no more.

XI.

But when th' unerring Judge comes forth
All ſecrets to unfold ;
He will regard intrinſic worth,
Not reckon braſs for gold.

THE

THE *IMPERTINENT FLY.*

" BLESS me!" exclaims a knowing Fly,
" In what ſtrange awkward place am I?
" What a confuſed jumble ſeems
" Of wood and ſtone, of poſts and beams!
" Such horrid bungling do I ſee,
" Two parts do ſcarcely here agree!
" Beſides the chiſel's ſtrokes how rough!
" To bury me each ſeems enough!
" A maſs enormous ſtrains my ſight,
" But deſtitute of beauty quite."

Thus Addiſon* (who from ſmall things
Often ſome good inſtruction brings)
Suppos'd a coxcomb Fly to perch
Upon ſome column of Paul's church:

* See Guardian No. 70.

The puny critic durſt arraign
The great Sir Chriſtopher's* deſign;
While ſcarce his narrow view commands
The moulding upon which he ſtands.

But let a ſkilful Architect
That noble edifice inſpect;
A thouſand beauties he would ſpy
Rang'd in the niceſt ſymmetry;
The juſt dependance of each part,
Conſtructed by the rules of art.
The lofty dome would catch his eye,
And there the hanging gallery;
The maſſy pillars, chequer'd floor,
And the vaſt building's juſt contour;
"*This* part," he'd ſay, "does *that* control,
"And every part ſets out the whole."

Nothing

* Sir Chriſtopher Wren was the architect of St. Paul's cathedral, London.

Nothing from its due place could ſpare,
Or think it better plac'd elſewhere.

Shall then God's works of providence,
View'd with the narrow eye of ſenſe,
Be cenſur'd by ſuch flies as we,
Who can't beyond this moment ſee?
Or ſhall we from one broken line
Judge of creation's grand deſign?
Much leſs ſhould reaſon dare to ſcan
The glories of redemption's plan;
Or with its dim ſhort-ſighted eye,
To comprehend its myſtery;
Or e'er condemn that book divine,
Where God is ſeen in every line.

Look on the ſcriptures and the ſtars,
What ſtrict analogy appears!
The ſame bold hand in both we trace;
What majeſty, what careleſs grace!

Had

Had man the ſtiff projector been,
Strange formal work ſhould we have ſeen!
The Bible he would methodiſe,
With artful figures deck the ſkies!
But now a native dignity,
Above the rules of art we ſee;
In both ſuch marks of glory ſhine,
As prove their author was divine.

And lo! perhaps ſome point may be
Conceiv'd in vaſt eternity,
To which we may at length arrive;
And then the ſoul, inquiſitive,
Shall with a retroſpective eye
God's all-wiſe purpoſes deſcry;
Take in at one collective view,
His works of grace and nature too,
Survey his providential plan,
And learn the myſtery of man.

Now

Now all the edifice compleat,
We ſhall perceive each part was meet;
And to the Builder's ſkill ſhall raiſe
An endleſs revenue of praiſe.

THE

IMPORTANT QUERY *

PERPETUAL changes agitate this world:
Myriads of creatures in ſucceſſion riſe;
Soon gain their ſummit and to duſt return:
But man (their Lord) e'er at his prime muſt periſh!
He giveth up the ghoſt, and where is he?

The learned Soph who with a thought would graſp
Six day's creation of a God; when he
(By threeſcore years hard ſtudy day and night)
Seems juſt about to comprehend an atom:
He giveth up the ghoſt, and where is he?

The

* Job xiv. 10.

The enterprising Hero who (disdaining
To have an equal) ravages the globe;
Nor rests his boundless fury, till he claims
The world his own, and all mankind his slaves:
He giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

The greedy Muckworm buried in his stores
Of hoarded wealth, yet with solicitude
Still grasping on; nor e'er with pleasure eats;
That he may aggrandize a squand'ring heir:
He giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

The crafty Knave, who hugs himself, if he
Can over-reach some unsuspecting dupe:
Prosp'ring in fraud, yet for an honest man
Maintains his reputation to the last:
He giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

The thoughtless Trifler, who consumes the day
In idleness, or wastes his golden moments
In modes fantastic, or amusements gay;
Dancing on blindfold to death's precipice:
He giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

The

The lawleſs Libertine, who is reſolv'd
To gratify his ſenſes, and indulge
His ev'ry wiſh, in ſpite of health or heav'n:
Soon does he laviſh life's important hour,
And giveth up the ghoſt, and where is he?

The rigid Devotee, who drags his years
In forc'd auſterities and toilſome pray'rs,
Spurning the comforts that his Maker ſends,
And living in contempt of all mankind:
He giveth up the ghoſt, and where is he?

The man of Piety, whoſe daily care
Is to improve his intercourſe with heav'n:
Who ſtrives to anſwer ev'ry end of life,
Yet ſeeks ſupreme felicity in death;
Hoping for pardon through his Saviour's blood:
He giveth up the ghoſt, and where is he?

THE

*UNIVERSAL ASTROLOGER.**

Or a nativity caſt for every child of Adam, occaſioned by the ſight of a young perſon's nativity.

COME, come my curious Friends who fain
Into the ſecrets of futurity; [would pry
Let me but know from Adam was your birth,
In any time or place 'twixt heav'n and earth:
I aſk no Fee, yet I'll engage to ſhow
(Whoe'er you are) whatever you will know
Of bad or good, of pleaſure or of woe.

Firſt, by the ſcheme of your nativity,
That you were born in ſin I plainly ſee;
And if in it you live, in it you die;
'Twill prove your ruin, or the ſtars do lie.
What

* Aſtrologers muſt excuſe me if I do not expreſs myſelf ſcientifically; as I never ſtudied aſtrology, nor have much opinion of it.

What planet at your birth did reign Almuten,*
Is hard to judge, nor is it worth diſputing:
Since luſt, ambition, hate, pride, ignorance,
Each in its turn will claim pre-eminence;
Each will its baleful influence impart,
And with contraſting vices rend your heart:
'Till the bright Sun of righteouſneſs diſpenſe,
His ſov'reign rays, and drive the tyrants thence.

The heav'nly houſes,† all conſpire to ſhow,
That thence alone true Life,[1] true Riches[2] flow,
That your beſt Friends,[11] Relations[4] all conſiſt,
Brothers[3] and Sons,[5] by Marriage[7] unto Chriſt;
That you in him will find ſuch Health,[6] ſuch joy,
As Death[8] and your worſt Foes[12] can ne'er deſtroy;

* The term by which Aſtrologers expreſs, what they call the Lord of a figure, or the ſtrongeſt planet in a nativity.

† The heavenly houſes are ſuppoſed by Aſtrologers to be twelve; which they count in the order in which the figures are placed.

That hence true [9]Piety doth take its birth,
And all good [10]Offices perform'd on earth.

Saturn, now near his elongation,* ſhews
That time is haſt'ning, and you've none to loſe;
That whatſoe'er you find beneath the ſun
To do, muſt quick without delay be done.

The [illegible] Moon, juſt changing, may remind
[illegible] beneath her orb no ſtay will find:
[illegible] varying as her phaſes be,
[illegible] find ev'ry thing ſublunary.

Attend, and learn the doctrine of the ſtars,
Jupiter in conjunction with fierce Mars;
Shews juſtice with omnipotence in league,
Your guilty ſoul eternally to plague;
Unleſs not your peaceful Mercury interpoſe,
(Jove's, the meſſenger whom Wiſdom choſe)
To appeaſe ſtern juſtice, and ſuſtain your woes.

Mild

* At his greateſt diſtance from the ſun.

Mild Venus, now ſole lady of the aſcendant,
In medio cœli governs independent:
So gen'rous love ſhould influence your ſoul,
And ev'ry pow'r and paſſion there control:
Love, that is drawn from light and truth alone;
For Venus is in conjunct with the Sun.

The Dragon's head beware, and Dragon's tail;
Whene'er hell's pow'r and policy prevail,
Theſe make (whate'er the ſtars predict of ill)
Malignant aſpects more malignant ſtill.
But think not mortal pow'r can quell *his* ſway,
A third part of the ſtars who ſwept away:*
To him who once did bruiſe the Dragon's head,
O fly, he on his pow'r will in you tread.
Truſt but in him, look well to your affairs,
And you ſhall proſper ſpite of all the ſtars;
Here ſhall be happy, and at laſt ſhall riſe
(When planets ſink) and reign above the ſkies.

ON

* Rev. xii. 3, 4.

ON

A CLOCK.

WHAT inſtruction might we find,
Had we but th' attentive mind!
Every object that we view
Brings us always ſomething new.
Vain amuſements you may go,
Buſtling crouds, and gaudy ſhow;
We don't need your opiate pow'rs
To beguile the tedious hours:
Nature's grander ſcenes preſent
Pleaſures chaſte and permanent;
E'en the niceties of art
To th' inquiſitive impart
Something ſtill, the thoughts to raiſe
In the great Creator's praiſe.

View

View a Clock, that nice machine,
What ſurpriſing art is ſeen!
See how wheels on wheels depend,
All conducive to one end;
Like ſome animating ſoul,
Weights or Springs impel the whole;
And the Pend'lums equal ſwing
Does to all proportion bring.
When the ſtate is right within,
This is by the Index ſeen:
While the Bell does to the ear,
Punctually the ſame declare.
No part may be deem'd profuſe,
Each has ſome important uſe:
And the Caſe ſecures it all
From what injuries might befal.

In this curious piece, we ſure
See ourſelves in miniature;
And th' analogy to trace,
Say the Body is the Caſe;

But within this curious frame
Is inclos'd a nobler name,
Where a thouſand ſecret ſprings
Actuate to various things;
Here important purpoſes
Are intended, and no leſs
Nice dependencies we find,
Like to wheels and pinions join'd,
In this wond'rous Clock, the Mind!

Firſt, the Paſſions are the Spring;
Theſe excite to ev'ry thing,
Give the ſoul a heav'nly guſt,
Or degrade it to the duſt:
Theſe to motion drive the Will,
And impel our Actions ſtill;
Their proportion Knowledge ſtates,
And ſound Judgment regulates:
Then whate'er thro' life befals,
The prompt Memory recals,

With

With a retroſpective art,
Anſw'ring the repeating part.

All the members too without,
Th' internal purpoſes point out :
The Eye, the Index of the Heart,
Does its ſecret ſtate impart ;
By it all the man is ſeen,
And what paſſions work within ;
Whilſt the Tongue, officious Bell,
Audibly the ſame doth tell ;
So the Limbs obedient ſtill,
Take the impulſe of the Will,
Quick perform what you intend ;
Think—'tis at your finger's end.
When theſe all in one agree,
Then 'tis as it ought to be ;
Ev'ry action doth excel,
And you ſay the Clock goes well ;

But if Heart and Tongue diſſent,
Who can tell what hour is meant?

Epiphonema.

Now, my Friend, would you by day
Rightly paſs your hours away;
If at night in quiet ſleep,
This Machine in order keep.
Oft by prayer wind it up;
Oil its wheels by faith and hope;
Set by grace to truth above,
Be its only impulſe love;
Ev'ry motion zeal may raiſe,
Let ſound knowledge equalize;
All your actions prove it true,
And your tongue no diff'rence ſhew:
Then by watchful care, O then,
Ever ſtrive to keep it clean.

THE

RATS aboard SHIP.

A FABLE.

WERE all contented in their ſtation,
Were all in due ſubordination,
Did thoſe who govern o'er the reſt
Exert their pow'r to make them bleſt—
Hail happy world! how few debates
In churches, families, or ſtates!
Lawyers might dine on barley-cruſt,
And ſwords into their ſcabbards ruſt.
But anarchy deſtroys a land;
The cone inverted cannot ſtand:
The ſmall muſt periſh with the great,
Involv'd in undiſtinguiſh'd fate.

If fame fay true, in former days
From Norway came a tawny race
Of plunderers, a lawlefs gang
Of petty thieves, too vile to hang;
Whom every honeft ruftic hates,
And honeft dog—I mean the Rats;
Who peſter us by land and ſea,
Neither our barns nor ſhips are free;
They over-run this fruitful iſle,
And what they can't devour they ſpoil.

Now liſten to my ſimple fable,
And gueſs the moral if you're able.

On board ſome ſhip 'tis repreſented
Theſe petty rogues grew diſcontented;
For why? by man they were oppreſs'd,
And wiſh'd to have their wrongs redreſs'd:
This haughty tyrant oft deprives
Them of their liberties and lives;

Therefore

Therefore they needs muſt call a meeting,
And there debate of what was fitting.

The meeting's call'd, and in the chair
Behold a Rat all-debonair
Preſides, to curb the fierce debate,
And rules of juſt decorum ſtate.
Now all burn with indignant fire;
They rage, they pour invectives dire:
Much argument is thrown away,
To prove that men are worſe than they;
And that they can no right poſſeſs
Their fellow creatures to oppreſs;
Or rule with iron rod the earth,
Whence men and rats both took their birth.

At length a Rat of wond'rous learning,
With whiſkers long for quick diſcerning,
Gnaſhes his all-deſtructive fangs;
And thus the populace harangues.

" Brave

" Brave comrades of Norwegian line,
" Shall we in holes impriſon'd pine,
" Under the tyranny of man,
" Wo ſeeks to cruſh us all he can ?
" No, let us boldly riſe *en maſs*
" To reſcue our oppreſſed race ;
" Shall this vile tyrant triumph thus,
" To Rats and all the earth a curſe ?
" Shall he, proud offspring of the duſt,
" Abuſe all creatures on his luſt ?
" No, never ſhall he Rats enſlave :
" Or liberty or death we'll have.

" Why ſhould men lord it o'er earth's ball ?
" Sure nature made us equal all.
" What have they more than Rats to ſhew,
" Have we not four legs, they but two ?
" Beſides, adorn'd with tails by fate,
" Which men are fond to imitate :

" Thro'

" Thro' ſtates this ornament prevails,
" Who rank their dignity by tails :
" We too will claim our dignity,
" We were made free, and *will* be free :
" Why ſhould Rats ſculk from place to place,
" Afraid by day to ſhew their face ?
" While men on all the creatures riot,
" Scarce can we eat their ſcraps in quiet.

" See in this Ship what monſtrous waſte,
" Which we poor ſcoundrels dare not taſte !
" Firſt, here's the captain has his ſtore,
" Enough to keep of Rats a ſcore ;
" Next he who ſits to guide the ſhip ;
" The purſer too his purſe muſt keep ;
" And then a wicked, murd'rous crew
" Of ſoldiers, ſailors, gunners too ;
" With paſſengers a lazy horde,
" Who ſcarce do ought but ſmoke on board !

" Theſe

" Theſe all devour from us poor Rats :
" Beſide full half a dozen cats,
" Maintain'd on purpoſe to annoy us—
" And cruel gins and traps deſtroy us.
" Woe to theſe men, theſe tyrants baſe
" Would fain extirpate all our race !

" But now I've thought of an expedient—
" Come on my lads, be but obedient ;
" To balk theſe tyrants let's agree,
" And laurels pluck from freedom's tree :
" This ſhip is ancient, and grown feeble,
" The captain's coffer let us nibble ;
" We'll ſoon ſmell out his ſecret ſtore,
" And all his roguery explore ;
" Feaſt on his biſcuits, hams and cheeſe,
" And rove and riot as we pleaſe.

" 'Tis here ! my noſe perceives the ſcent,
" Here, here his delicates are pent !

" Could

" Could we but gnaw this plank aſunder
" Brave boys, how we ſhould roll in plunder!"

Then to 't they went with all their might,
And work'd and work'd both day and night :
On holidays and double tides,
Thro' the ſhip's bottom and her ſides,
With claws, and teeth, and tuſkers keen—
The plank gives way, the waves ruſh in,
Thro' ev'ry chink the waters gully—
Ah 'tis too late to curſe their folly !
In vain they ſqueak, in vain they ſquall,
Down went the ſhip and Rats and all.

To a Friend to be ſtuck up in his Counting-Houſe.

TO labour ſpare no pains ;
Be ſparing in your gains :
So ſhall you ever ſpeed
Your houſehold well to feed,
And have to give to thoſe who need.

PRAISE,

AN ODE.

PRAISE inſpire me while I ſing
Thine own unrivall'd praiſe!
All thine energy now bring,
With which thou mak'ſt heav'n's courts to ring:
Help me to raiſe
Thy glories in immortal lays.
O aid my vent'rous ſong,
Clothe my ideas with expreſſions ſtrong,
Expreſſions, ſuch as raptur'd Seraphs uſe;
Such as beſeem
My lofty theme;
Then ſhall my callow muſe,
Warm'd by thy genial beam
Her half-fledg'd pinions ſtretch,
And aim at that which Seraphs can but reach.

'Tis

'Tis done! I feel the riſing flame,
I feel a tranſport which I cannot name;
Now, now the Muſe,
With holy fury fir'd,
From earth breaks looſe,
Flies o'er the bounds
Of mortal ſounds,
And ſcours the plains
Of ſweet ſeraphic ſtrains.
By her vaſt theme inſpir'd,
Thro' ſtars and ſuns her courſe purſues,
And as ſhe riſes ſtill her ſtrength renews,
'Till ſhe arrives
Where Praiſe ſtill lives
In native majeſty divine;
And there with Love and Joy doth reign
Auſpicious trine
That to the bleſt above their happy influence
[gives.

Praiſe, mighty Praiſe, all things were form'd for thee,
Whether in heav'n, or earth, or in the ſea;
And thou alone
For him who form'd them all,
Or great or ſmall,
The infinite THREE-ONE!
Tho' he his happineſs diffuſeth wide,
Praiſe he will ſhare with none;
'Tis his prerogative alone;
'Tis his ſole incommunicable right,
For once the firſt-born ſons of light,
Stung by ſelf-confounding pride,
To rob God of his Praiſe aſſay'd,
And dropp'd to regions of eternal night.
Praiſe is cœval with God's throne,
Firſt-fruit of all his works divine,
And ultimate deſign;
Attendant on him when he made the worlds,
And ſhall when he his vaſt deſign unfurls.

Praiſe

Praiſe mixes with all nature's frame,
And thro' God's works like ſubtle flame,
It does itſelf diffuſe.
Praiſe does all heav'n with raptures fire;
Praiſe does the humbleſt heart inſpire;
Yet moſt does chooſe,
A David's harp, not Pindar's lyre.
Where Pindar's daring muſe
Her fav'rite poet fails,
And droops her jaded wings,
Got paſt the atmoſphere of mortal things,
There Praiſe prevails,
And I begin my loftier flight:
I riſe, I riſe,
And ſpurn retreating ſkies;
As far above bold Pindar's ſight,
As he above all vulgar eyes.
Thro' trackleſs oceans of ethereal light
I wing my way,
And from the ſummit of the lofty ſky

Look

Look down, and ſcarce eſpy
The groveling poet all in diſarray.

Bold Pindar ſtruck the pole;
But thou my ſoul
Shalt pierce the azure ſhell,
And enter where *true* Praiſe doth dwell,
'Till ever-circling ages ceaſe to roll.
I do not court an empty fame, not I,
A mortal immortality,
Which when all nature dies, muſt die.
Vain glorious boaſt,
Of ſuch who could no higher fly;
But ſhall be loſt
When nature's in convulſions toſs'd:
(For that muſt with eternal darkneſs blend,
Which does no more than human praiſe intend.)
But lo! the Praiſe I ſeek,
Derides frail nature's wreck;
It does from God's unſhaken Throne deſcend,
And fears no end. But

But what is Praiſe?
It is the teemings of a genial ſoul,
Where ardent flames of pure affection roll;
Wet with with the dews of grace,
And warm'd with heav'nly rays,
Sending its grateful odours to the ſkies;
Which undiminiſh'd ſhall for ever riſe.
It is a quicken'd ſpirit's reſpiration;
'Tis joy's free circulation;
The breath of love,
Inhal'd by ſaints above,
Pure and untainted by the fogs of ſenſe;
E'en angels thence,
Draw all their vigour, and their excellence;
And from the healthful ſongs they raiſe,
Protract their beings to eternal days;
Elſe they would languiſh,
And periſh in extremeſt anguiſh.
You'd ſmother angels, could you ſtop their praiſe.

When

When thoſe glories once are mine,
Rob'd with radiancy divine,
E'en on Seraphs ſhall I flame;
They on me,
Interchangeably;
Feel that holy, mutual glow,
Which bleſt Saints and Seraphs know;
The ſame our work, our joy the ſame.
When the body too arrives,
Outlets of new praiſe it gives;
Obſtructed now by ſenſe no more,
Praiſe ſhall breathe thro' ev'ry pore:
My heart ſhall beat to th' heav'nly mood,
And Praiſe dance round the ever-circling flood;
My voice inceſſant ſongs ſhall raiſe,
And ev'ry nerve ſhall vibrate Praiſe;
Praiſe ſhall be my ev'ry good,
My life, my ſtrength, my joy, my health, my food.

But

But O bold muſe forbear,
Preſumptuous, wherefore didſt thou dare
Attempt a theme ſo vaſt!
'Tis not for thee at infinite to fly,
Or ſpread thy pinions o'er immenſity;
Ceaſe then at laſt,
Some meaner ſubject try;
For 'tis appointed all muſt die
True Praiſe to taſte—
But I from Death ſhall riſe!
My moulder'd frame God ſhall re-organize,
And fit it for the buſineſs of the ſkies:
Then with unfault'ring tongue,
With heav'nly language ſtrong,
And pow'rs immortal I'll renew the ſong:
And to the Author of thoſe pow'rs I'll raiſe
Immortal Praiſe.

ON

PROVIDENCE:

To a perſon finding fault with its diſpenſations.

FRIEND, did you ever chance to peep
Into a caſe where poets keep,
Their memorandums—ſcraps of verſes,
Thoughts ſerious, mix'd with ſundry farces?
"Tis a ſtrange jumble," ſure you'd cry,
"Nor head nor tail can I eſpy!
"Like Ovid's world of chaos rude,
"Or Nile's uncouth miſhapen brood.*
"See broken lines, detached portions,
"Crude eſſences and half-form'd notions;
"Thoughts undigeſted into ſenſe,
"Some wit, and much impertinence,
"Sprung from the poet's heated brain,
"As from the mud the world again!"

And

* eodem in corpore ſæpe
Altera pars vivit; rudis eſt pars altera tellus. OVID.

And ſure the like remarks you'd drop,
Where you in ſome mechanic's ſhop,
Where clocks and watches made or mended,
Are o'er his bench confus'dly blended.
A ſtrange aſſemblage lo there ſeems
Of axes, pinions, wheels and whims ;
You'd ſpy a ſtrong reſemblance p'rhaps
In theſe and in the poet's ſcraps :
Both fraught with wonderful invention,
Alike beyond your comprehenſion.
" This piece," you'd ſay, " does not keep time ;
" No weight's in *this*, and *that* won't chime ;
" Here the chain's broke, this goes not well ;
" This does not ſtrike, it has no bell."
For the mirandum of both arts
Is to compoſe the ſtriking parts.

Now could you from this tranſient view
Gueſs what theſe artiſts mean to do ?

Yet to attempt to cenſure thoſe
Would but your ignorance expoſe.
But when the poem is compiete,
And every line is on its feet;
Or when the watch is made to go,
And with exactneſs time will ſhow;
You wonder at the curious frame,
And dare not ſay: "From chance it came."

Then why ſhould you attempt to ſcan
By broken lines heav'n's perfect plan?
Or from a part detach'd, conclude
Irregular the whole if view'd.
Perhaps ſome wheel of Providence,
Which you can't reconcile to ſenſe,
[illegible] with ſome other wheel unite
[illegible] importance, out of ſight.

Poor Ignoramus! how ſhould you
The complicated ſcheme look thro'?

Or

Or graſp its infinite extenſion
Within your ſhallow comprehenſion?
Then bow to Wiſdom infinite,
And own what *that* doth muſt be right:
Who guides the whole with wond'rous art,
Beſt knows the uſe of ev'ry part:
And when the whole is once complete,
You'll own that ev'ry part was meet.

THE

SPEAKING SHADOW.

To a young Lady who was too fond of her looking-glaſs.

WHILE at her toilet Celia ſat,
Adjuſting all her pins in ſtate,
And this was right and that was wrong,
This hair too ſhort and that too long;
Two hours had run e'er all was brought
(And ſcarcely then) to ſuit her thought:

Like

Like fond Narciſſus at the brook,
Full many a ſelf-enamour'd look
On her reflected charms ſhe caſt,
And wellnigh worſhipp'd them at laſt.

When lo, a prodigy appears,
Or ſeem'd ſo to her guilty fears ;
The very image on the glaſs
Seem'd to upbraid her to the face :
She ſtarted and ſhe bluſh'd for ſhame,
The anſw'ring image did the ſame :
Her eyes with terror roll'd around,
The image roll'd its eyes and frown'd :
At length ſhe cry'd " Good God what's this?"
The image ſeem'd to ſay " Vain Miſs,"
And to her ſelf-convicted thought,
This gentle reprehenſion brought.

" Vain Miſs, with all your gay attire,
" 'Tis but a Shade you thus admire ;

Not

" Not more do I reſemble you
" In form than in continuance too :
" Thoſe lovely features you adore,
" Turn but your back, exiſt no more :
" 'Tis an illuſion of your ſight,
" And when you go they're vaniſh'd quite.
" Vain then thoſe beauties you can ſee,
" No longer than you look on me ;
" How fooliſh too your very care,
" Which does thoſe beauties but impair ;
" While anxious you your time miſpend,
" You mar your perſon but not mend.

" See juſt behind your toilet's chair,
" Inſidious lurk old-age and care ;
" (Time's daughters, ugly, jealous, croſs)
" Soon to avenge their father's loſs ;
" With fell diſeaſes in their train,
" Replete with ſorrows and with pain.

Care

" Care ſoon will on thoſe features prey,
" That fair complexion fade away ;
" Diſeaſes too, with viſage pale
" And haggard looks, may ſoon aſſail ;
" May paralize the active limb,
" And make thoſe ſprightly eye-balls dim ;
" While on the ſmooth, the placid brow,
" Old-age his furrows deep will plow ;
" And laſtly death, the lovelieſt forms
" Will cruſh in his unpitying arms.

" O then whenever me you view,
" Henceforth, think Miſs, how vain are you ?
" Who pleas'd with ſhadows, caſt behind
" The nobler beauties of the mind.
" Leave, leave your toilet and retire,
" Let nobler views your thoughts inſpire ;
" And half this time vouchſafe to ſpend
" Within your cloſet, there to mend

Your

" Your better part, 'twill make you ſhine
" With graces elegant, divine ;
" Amidſt the brighteſt angels bright,
" And lovely in your Maker's ſight.
" Theſe no diſeaſes can impair,
" Theſe are but more improv'd by care,
" Theſe time ſhall perfect, death tranſlate
" Into a fairer, happier ſtate."

A THOUGHT

ON THE

Death of the Rev. G. WHITEFIELD.

WHITEFIELD, alas, is caught away ;
The great Elijah of his day !
With flaming zeal he trac'd the land,
Nor fear'd the perſecuting band,
To vindicate his Maker's name,
And Jeſu's precious love proclaim,

Nor

Nor could our iſle the Champion keep;
He braves the dangers of the deep,
And thro' America he flies
To ſpread the goſpel's myſteries,
And there erect new charities.*

But ah! how ſoon his work is done;
How ſoon he riſes to his throne!
My fancy track him thro' the ſkies;
And whilſt I gaze with eager eyes,
Eliſha like might I be bleſt,
And Whitefield's ſpirit on me reſt!
Spring up ſome kind, ſome heav'nly breeze,
And waft his mantle o'er the ſeas;
Like him I'd ſmite the waters too,
And force a ready paſſage thro',
While I my Maſter's work purſue.

AN ELEGY

* Alluding to the Orphan-houſe which he erected at Georgia, and which was afterwards converted to a Colledge.

AN ELEGY,

To the Memory of my dear Friend

THE

Rev. JAMES ROUQUET.

Curate of Saint Werburgh's, Lecturer of Saint Nicholas' Churches and Chaplain of St. Peter's Hospital, Bristol. And also Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Deloraine.

He died Nov. 16th, 1776 —Ætatis suæ 47°.

I.

BRISTOL, thou seat of busy cares,
Tumultuous city full of stirs;
What sudden stroke, what sad mischance,
Has damp'd thy great affairs?
Is trade declin'd, do ships no more
Croud in from foreign climes as heretofore;
Threatning thy merchants with disgrace,
With famishment thy poor?
Lo, what a solemn silence reigns in ev'ry place,
Save what from shrieks and sighs, perchance,
Mingles a mournful dissonance—

Some fell diſaſter ſure
Muſt have befall'n to ſpread theſe horrors round;
Thus thy confuſion to confound,
And ſtamp ſuch ſigns of woe on ev'ry face.

II.

But hark! that ſolemn bell,
Mingling its melancholy moan;
With ſullen tone
And heavy accents ſeems to tell,
That reſtleſs death has once again
Made his ſad depredations on the ſons of men!
Ah, ah, my thoughts forebode
Some holy man is caught to God;
Some uſeful citizen to heav'n is gone!
Tis ſo, tis ſo, Oh hear the gen'ral cry!
Widows and orphans, priſoners and poor,
How they lament thro' ev'ry ſtreet,
And ſob and ſigh,
And rend their hair, and their ſad boſoms beat;
While all the doleful tale repeat;

He's

" He's dead, he's dead, my only friend's no more,
" 'Twas he * * * * * * * * *
Oh my heart bleeds, Rouquet, Rouquet is dead!
For ah, who was a friend to all but kind Rouquet?

III.

Ah kind Rouquet, a name all muſt revere!
Rouquet, what name to me ſo dear!
He's dead!—Hear how the doleful tidings fly,
Affecting ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye:
Rouſe, rouſe then Muſe,
And join ſome friendly part,
Help me to pour th' effuſions of my heart;
Nor to the gen'ral grief thy mite refuſe.
Shall venal poets try
The vileſt deeds to ſanctify,
With panegyrics to lift baſeneſs high?
Such arts are needleſs here,
When all unite with heart ſincere
Deſerving worth to raiſe;
E'en envy's ſelf muſt mutter praiſe,

And

And enmity her voice reluctant lend,
When all commend:
He was a gen'ral and a gen'rous friend.

IV.

But ah, dear Duſt, what fun'ral pomps were thine!
Such as proud kings in vain
Might wiſh, and covet death but to obtain!
Honours almoſt divine!
I paſs the baubles by
Of plumes, and paint, and pageantry—
I paſs the popular cries,
And the unmeaning eulogies
Promiſcuous heap'd on heroes brave,
And the vile mercenary knave;
Ambition theſe may buy, and ſycophants may ſell:
Thy honours all were virtue's due,
Conſtrain'd from feeling hearts, not forc'dly giv'n:
Honours unſought, ſincere and true,
Such as are paid in heav'n!
Gold cannot bribe them, nor can pow'r compel.

Triumphing

Triumphing victors, 'midſt their gaudy ſhows,
With flatt'ries ſooth'd, or ſtunn'd with mad ap-
[plaule;
On vanquiſh'd kings impoſing laws;
True glory if they knew,
Could they diſtinguiſh falſe from true,
Would give their palm-branch for thy branch of
[yew.

V.

Solemn and ſlow ſee now they move along
Thro' the ſad ſtreets with living mourning hung;
Waſh'd with the orphan's tears,
With widows hair beſtrew'd,
In ev'ry face behold what grief appears,
E'en nature's ſelf a mournful aſpect wears!
The moaning winds ſigh out aloud,
The clouds with gloomy ſadneſs low'r,
And weep a ſympathetic ſhow'r:
See ev'ry window, ev'ry avenue
Does tokens of unfeigned ſorrow ſhew:
Illumin'd with ten thouſand eyes
Brilliant in tears, intent to catch a view,
A laſt ſad view of him they did ſo prize. E'en

E'en thrifty traders, with half-envious eye
Look out, forget their gain, and almoſt wiſh to die!

VI.

The fun'ral rites are ſcarce begun
When lo a gen'ral groan*
(But mix'd with ſobs and ſhrieks and ſighs)
Burſts forth at once from the huge multitude,
And the ſad ſervice drown;
The Miniſter aſtoniſh'd ſtood
To ſee the tears guſh out from thouſand eyes:
E'en foes (could goodneſs find a foe?)
Reluctant felt them ſtealing down,
Unconſcious whence their woe;
But ah 'tis genuine worth,
Such genuine ſorrow muſt draw forth:
Such worth Rouquet as thine,
Where piety and friendſhip join;

No

* The Muſe has by no means exaggerated this circumſtance. Mr. Rouquet was buried at St. Peter's Church, Briſtol; which was ſo crouded on the occaſion, that it was with much difficulty the Corps was got in: but as ſoon as it entered the church the whole congregation burſt forth into ſuch lamentations, that the Miniſter's voice could not be heard.

And meek humility and gen'rous love,
That lift the ſoul above
All narrow motives, and all party gall:
For every party who ſincerely call
Jeſus Jehovah* he could love, and was belov'd by all.

VII.

Oft, oft did Newgate's gloomy cells
Witneſs his ardent care,
To warn unhappy culprits there!
Or elſe to ſooth their hopeleſs grief,
He of the dying Saviour tells;
How ſtrong to ſave, how ready to forgive
The vileſt that in him believe;
And to enforce their ſlow belief,
Tells how he ſav'd the dying thief;
Pluck'd from the jaws of horrible deſpair!
O yes his gracious mind,
To ev'ry act of goodneſs was inclin'd;

* 1 Cor. xii. 3.

The needy bleſs'd him as he paſs'd,
The rich to do him honour haſte;
For why? a friend to all Rouquet we find,
Obliging to the rich and to the needy kind.

VIII.

But now, Oh ſee th' inſatiable tomb
Wide yawning for its prey!
Earth's ever teeming womb;
Whence ſprung, to which returns the mould'ring clay.
See Death his perquiſite demands!
And let the fragments left behind,
Be here in humble hope reſign'd
Into his hands:
Yet ah! e'en this we grudge the foe;
And ſhould, did we not confidently know
That Death is conquer'd, and is bound
The dear depoſit to refund,
Without deduction or delay,
Purg'd and refin'd,

A ſit

A fit companion for th' enobled mind,
At the great reſtitution day.

IX.

Muſe now mount up, and ſee far other things
Where the immortal mind is gone:
See zealous Paul and loving John,
And holy prophets, holy kings
Throng round the new-arriv'd, intent to know
How goes their Maſter's cauſe below;
What ſouls are nearly ripe for glory too.
Exulting Seraphs clap their wings
Glad to have gain'd at laſt the day,
To've gain'd another mind from ſordid clay:
Long had they ſtrove to have him there
Their purer joys to ſhare.
But ah, fond ſpirits why ſhould you
Envy poor earth thoſe virtuous few,
That ſaves her from the flames?
One of a thouſand ſcarce we boaſt;
Not one unworthy member ſhames
Your countleſs hoſt.

X.

In vain does earth with heav'n contend :
Rouquet has join'd the ſkies !
His ready ſoul has gain'd the end
He long propos'd below :
No longer compaſs'd with infirmities
That we poor mortals know.
See how he mingles with th' adoring throng,
How readily he chants the angelic ſong !
To him 'tis no new thing :
Oft did he trace the heav'nly road,
Mounted on meditation's wing,
Paſs'd thro' their glitt'ring ranks to find his God.
But lo our friend, no more
A tranſient viſiter as heretofore,
Has fix'd with angels his ſublime abode ;
To ſhare their unmix'd joys, and ſing
To his Redeemer and their King,
Salvation, vict'ry, triumph, glory, praiſe
Thro' waſtleſs ages and eternal days !

XI

XI.

Mortals recall your grief;
Ye priſoners, ye poor,
Widows and orphans weep no more:
A heart ſo gen'rous and ſo kind,
If you again on earth can find,
There ſeek relief:
Ye clouds diſperſe your glooms,
And let the chearful ſkies appear;
Ceaſe winds to ſigh,
And ceaſe ye relatives the hopleſs tear:
To ſeek the living 'mongſt the dead, O why
Will you ſtill haunt the tombs?
Rouquet is gone above the ſky!
Let all who lov'd him here,
In his unbounded gain rejoice,
And hear his ſweet inviting voice:
"Come all my friends to meet me here prepare."

XII.

But e'er you meet him there, would you
Have his lov'd image often in your view,

Your

Your riſing grief to drown?
Then boldly riſe
And fetch him from the ſkies,
In holy emulation bring him down:
His nobleſt portrait draw,
His better likeneſs trace,
Wherein reſemblance of his Lord ye ſaw.
Draw him in holy aſpiration tall,
Comely in gait, and in his face
Mingle with juſt proportion ev'ry grace;
Soft ſmiling love with ardent zeal,
And all thoſe purer paſſions angels feel,
Humble withal.
Draw then the law of kindneſs on his lips,
Let heav'nly rapture ſparkle in his eye,
And for his dreſs
O caſt around that nobleſt drapery,
Which its unſullied luſtre ever keeps,
The Saviour's righteouſneſs:
Here gaze, admire, and in your lives expreſs;
So ſhall you juſt repriſals make, On

On heav'n ſhall ample ſatisfaction take,
When daily you ſhall bear
His mental lineaments upon your heart,
And thus with ſaints and angels ſhare
His better part.

XIII.

Lord is the day of doom ſo near,
That thus thou hurrieſt thine away,
Nor truſts them longer here!
But what alas ſhould tempt our ſtay
In this baſe world, where ſin or ſhame,
To join the wicked or provoke their blame,
Is the ſevere alternative
On which we live!
O, fit us to be gone,
Jeſus, the work is thine alone;
Form our affections heav'nly, like our friend,
Like all the bright attendants of thy throne,
Like to thine own:
Thus bid our ſorrows end,
Bid all thy ready ſaints the ſkies aſcend;
Then burn the globe and quench the ſun,
And let the day of judgment haſten on.

ACROSTICS.

FALL OF MAN.

Firſt of our race accompliſh'd Adam ſtood,
Adorn'd by heav'n with ev'ry gift and good:
Light in his head to know his Maker's will;
Love in his heart, that knowledge to fulfil.
Obedience back'd with life, revolt he could;
Free in his choice th' unbias'd balance ſtood,
Man thus equip'd and warn'd (no hoſtile ſtroke)
Allur'd by Satan burſt his gentle yoke,
Now to his race becomes a killing ſtock.

REDEMPTION.

Rous'd by God's voice all things from nothing came,
Exiſtence caught, put on this beauteous frame:
Daily preſerv'd, creation is renew'd;
Each moment ſhews him pow'rful, wiſe and good.
Much more is here, a price was aſk'd, was paid;
Pains were endur'd, a perfect law obey'd:
To form a world needs only—"Let it be;"
Infinite toil a captive world muſt free!
O great redemption, nobleſt of the three!*
Neither perhaps had e'er been but for thee.

* Creation, providence and redemption.

MORALITY.

Much boaſted of, more ſeldom underſtood;
Often enjoin'd, leſs practis'd as it ſhould;
Right rightly uſed, quite dang'rous when miſplac'd,
And fatal too if held our hope at laſt.
Love is its ſum; to God, for God to man;
Its ſprings from faith and general is its plan.
'Till this you have, yet ceaſe herein to reſt;
You may be moral, but ſhall ne'er be bleſt.

SALVATION.

Search thro' the records of illuſtrious fame,
Admire ſome Hero (anxious for a name)
Lay by a crown, atchieve ſome deſp'rate deed,
Vend even life, and for ſome fav'rite bleed:
Alas how frivolous! compar'd to this,
'Twill ſink to folly, and our wonder ceaſe.
Injurious man the foe, yet fav'rite, ſtood;
Offended goodneſs wrong'd, yet bore the rod;
Nor leſs the price, his blood, the blood of God!*

* Acts, xx. 28.

DEATH AND JUDGMENT.

Death ruthleſs Tyrant levels great and ſmall,
Ends all diſputes, confounds diſtinctions all :
A grave their goal, a ſhroud their uniform,
The beaſt their equal, and their beſt the worm
Here brighteſt titles tarniſh, roy'lties ruſt ;
And prince and peaſant mingle equal duſt ;
Nought hence diſtinguiſh'd but unjuſt or juſt.
Death huddles them promiſcuous to the tombs,
Judgment divides them and appoints their dooms.
Unalterably fix'd their ſtates in joy or grief,
Death, endleſs death, or life, eternal life.
Go then ye careleſs, or with cares perplex'd,
" Memento mori,*" 'tis an heathen's text ;
Ever rememb'ring too that judgment's next.
Now learn to live, what is't but daily die ?
Then death is life, and judgment will be joy.

GLORIFICATION.

Grace laid the baſis, Grace the ſtructure rears,
Lays on the top-ſtone and the trophy wears.

Over

* Remember to die.

Over to Glory now Grace yields the throne :
Redemption finiſh'd, the laſt vict'ry won,
It meets the conqu'rors and the crown puts on.

Firſt of all days in the Eternal Breaſt
In natures' ſcale the laſt ; this day will beſt
Cloſe the whole ſcene, and reign for ever bleſt.

Already lo methinks, by faith I ſpy
Thouſands arriv'd, & thouſands drawing nigh,
Increaſe the triumph, and fill up the joy.

O when ſhall I amidſt them take my place !
Nought do thro' Glory's endleſs reign but ſhout [free grace.

EPIGRAMS.

To a perſon ridiculing the miracle of Balaam's Aſs.

Some Fools, to ſhew exceſs of wit,
Dare ſpout their jeſts at Holy Writ ;
As well might boys in ſtupid fun
Attempt to ſpit againſt the ſun ;
But the foul inſult aim'd too high,
Back in the idiots' faces fly.

Grave

Grave Sir, you ſay 'tis all a joke,
You wont believe an Aſs e'er ſpoke!
But could not he who gave man ſpeech,
Cauſe a dumb animal to preach?
What miracle ſo proper too,
When men abuſe that gift like you;
And ſhew a more than Balaam's rage
To vilify the Sacred Page?
But ah, while Scripture you diſgrace,
Men will miſtake *you* for an Aſs!
Thus what you doubt you'll prove more plain,
For lo, a dull Aſs ſpeaks again!

To a Perſon offended by a ſuppos'd injury.

Then why good Sir, ſo ſoon offended?
'Tis not what's done, but what's intended:
This every petty Barber ſhows;
He ſafely takes you by the noſe,
And for's addreſs meets your reward;
Wo to the man who ſhould have dar'd
On other views a deed ſo bold;
Tho' dreſs'd in ſteel and ſtrapp'd with gold!

FINIS.

Printed by [illegible]
Newbury.

PR 4453 C635p Clark - Poems on several subjects.

PR
4453
C635p